LETTERS AND LETTER WRITING

LETTERS

AND

LETTER WRITING

As Means to the Study and Practice of English Composition

BY

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"*Sir, all letters, methinks, should be free and easy as one's discourse; not studied as an oration, nor made up of hard words like a charm*"

DOROTHY OSBORNE TO
SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE IN 1658

INDIANAPOLIS
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS
M.M.M.

DECEMBER

TO

MISS GEORGIA ALEXANDER

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"*Letters . . . such as are written from wise men, are, of all the words of man, in my judgment, the best*"

BACON

"*To my friend I write a letter; from him I receive a letter . . . a spiritual gift worthy of him to give and me to receive*"

EMERSON

PREFACE

This book has been prepared in the belief that there is a place for the emphasis of heretofore undeveloped possibilities in composition writing, and that contributions yet to be made to the teaching of English will consist of chapters on single topics thoroughly treated, rather than of books covering the whole subject and containing a re-statement of what has already been so well and so satisfactorily said.

The specimen letters in Part I commend themselves by their own value; many of them have not before been given to the general public; some of them are old and very well known; all of them are precious.

The annotated list of letters at the end of this part calls attention to many letters not given in the text.

The work in Part II aims to show what practical use can be made of the letters in Part I, as models for composition through letter-writing, and to illustrate the adequacy of the epistolary forms for securing ease and fluency in written expression. It further aims to show that the average school situation through its studies, through the experiences of its student life, and through the larger social life surrounding it, is rich in genuine motives for letters.

Grateful acknowledgments are hereby made to the publishers who have so kindly granted permission for the use of copyrighted letters; to those friends who have given the use of letters heretofore unpublished; and to other friends who have written letters by request for this volume. Especial indebtedness is acknowledged to Professor Fred N. Scott of the University of Michigan, to Professor E. H. Lewis of Lewis Institute, Chicago, to Miss Frances Perry of Wellesley College and to Miss Anna M. Locke of Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, for advice and assistance in the preparation of this book.

CHARITY DYE.

Indianapolis, November, 1903.

INTRODUCTORY

THE VALUE OF THE PERSONAL ELEMENT IN COMPOSITION WRITING

1. Any discussion of the personal element in composition writing must be based upon the assumption that composition is an art-subject, that it grows out of the desire, natural or acquired, for self-expression; that it is a self-revealment through the impulse to give forth, in the terms of life, the varied experiences that have become one's own. If this assumption be true, the student feels the same pleasure in transferring his idea to his composition paper that he feels in transferring his mental picture to his drawing paper; the two subjects differing essentially in that the medium of expression in the first is words and in the second lines.

Composition an Art-Subject

The personal element understood as a vital attitude, as a tendency to project self into whatever one does, lies at the bottom of human nature. It is the communication of his interests to beings like himself that gives man his highest joy and that marks him as a distinctly social being. The vast structure of society is the achievement of the ages, and for this all other results of human effort are made subservient. The cave-dweller had no society

The Personal Element Fundamental

as we understand it. "The hermit," says Lowell, "has no news," and Emerson has relegated the telling of news to the poet, the man who utters the word of God. The personal element in writing has many variations; but it can be classed in a general way under personification, impersonation, and that elusive element known as the personal quality of style.

2. Personification is one of the simplest means of expressing the personal attitude, and it is now used to such an extent in composition that serious-minded educators have their doubts as to its value, and fear the dangers that may arise from an overdoing at this point. One who is an authority in matters of education and philosophy feels that the putting of science work in an "ultra personal and dramatic form causes children to lose the scientific or truth value of the materials used, and having everything systematically translated into a form that soon becomes conventional, hardens the child to the actual poetry of living things."

Doubtful Uses of Personification

This note of warning is certainly worthy of serious thought, and the employment of personification in nature work may already be pressed beyond the normal limit. Mr. Ruskin also has much to say upon a healthy use of figurative expression, which of course includes personification, in his essay, "The Pathetic Fallacy," and his protest against untrue figures of speech has done much to correct sentimental tendencies in English teaching. He even classifies poets with reference to their power to perceive poetic conceptions, into those who see truly because they do not

The Pathetic Fallacy

feel; those who see untruly because they feel, and those who see truly in spite of their feelings. We recognize the truth of this classification when we recall the Peter Bells; when we think of those who see everything but the primrose in their effusion of feeling at its presence, and those who see it as the simple flower and at the same time feel the mystery that it enfolds. Dr. Henry van Dyke speaks of Tennyson's power to be true to nature in his imagery; he cites the lines in *Maud,*

> *"For her feet have touch'd the meadows*
> *And left the daisies rosy,"*

and says that the second line would have been sheer nonsense in an American poet, because the American daisy is all yellow and white; there is nothing pink about it; but the English daisy is pink on the under side of the petals, and so Maud left footprints of pink in the upturned flowers where she had trodden. Dr. van Dyke used this illustration in showing the students that truth to nature in figurative language is most pleasing. Every lover of wholesome, vigorous English heartily sympathizes with the effort toward a return to a true use of words.

Valid Uses of Personification

But there certainly is, on the other hand, a justifiable use of personification. It lies in the nature of mind and in the process of thinking to attribute personal qualities to things. When the penetrative imagination seizes upon an object, it at once goes to the heart of it and discovers new analogies be-

tween it and things; it makes figures that tally with the forces of nature and condenses vistas into short space. Darwin wrote many pages to make plain the theory that was announced long before by Emerson in the six lines:

> *"A subtle chain of countless rings*
> *The next unto the farthest brings;*
> *The eye reads omens where it goes,*
> *And speaks all languages the rose;*
> *And, striving to be man, the worm*
> *Mounts through all the spires of form."*

This subtle grasp of an idea usually belongs to poets of the first order, poets who are balanced and sane and who exercise the penetrative imagination tempered by judgment, right feeling and proper restraint. To train students into true perception mellowed by right feeling is the problem of the school.

Personification Natural to the Child

Normal children have, as a rule, poetic temperaments. Tennyson said at the age of six, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind," and he is no exception in this respect. To the child of active imagination, the earth is peopled with creatures of his fancy, and pagan that he is, he lives again the life of his ancestors when man saw the divine in the visible forces of nature. Personification of natural objects brings home to the child a sense of the ongoing processes of nature; by it his poetic feelings are aroused and his sympathies enlisted. He catches

the message from the returning bird and the opening bud, and with Wordsworth verily thinks that "every flower enjoys the air it breathes."

3. Impersonation involves personification but it includes more; it calls for identity; one is, for the moment, some other person than one's self. Browning is verily the villain, the priest, and the innocent maiden by turns in *The Ring and the Book*. Vital poets have the power of impersonation in a marked degree. The novelists bear witness to this fact in their writings and in their lives. It enabled Charles Dickens, as David Copperfield, to live beyond the four walls of his blacking-shop and imagine himself a British lord. Ernest Thompson Seton's animal stories have impersonation for their chief charm; he is the Sandhill Stag and Wahb. There is no element in writing that does more to cultivate the imagination than the power to impersonate, to put one's self in another's place or feel another's feelings; it forms the basis for true character-study and for the highest literary interpretation; it is the very essence of the dramatic sense and enables one to be the person that would naturally belong in a given situation. The culture-epoch theory takes advantage of this when it encourages the child to act the part of the Mound Builder now, of the North American Indian later, then of the Revolutionary patriot, and so on through the stages that link the present with the past. The employment of impersonation vitalizes the study of history, of geography, and of reading. The student that can imagine himself John Smith, or Roger

Uses of Impersonation

Williams, or Balboa at the moment of his discovery of the Pacific Ocean, is learning history in a vital way, is receiving training in creative reading, and is being prepared for written expression. The employment of impersonation in reproduction does away for ever with the paraphrase that has been such a stumbling-block in English teaching.

The Personal Quality of Style

4. The personal quality of style is more subtle and more charming than all others; it differs from personification and impersonation in being a quality rather than a method of treatment and in that it belongs under every form of writing. It is felt rather than described, and without it words are as empty symbols and sentences a mere aggregation of words. The highest expression of this quality proceeds from a simple, sincere utterance of a simple, sincere soul. It is not marked so much by the amount of knowledge displayed as by the writer's personal touch, imaging his very self in his production and making it thereby a work of art.

Aids to the Cultivation of the Personal Element

5. In order to cultivate successfully the personal elements discussed in the foregoing pages, one should keep constantly in mind certain points common to all English teaching. First of these is the necessity for setting aside a part of each school day for the student to write something which he wishes to say to some one who wishes to hear it. Since writing for a short period every school day throughout the eight years of the graded schools has never, to my knowledge, been tried, the gains and the losses arising from such a practice can not now be compared

with the present system of writing one day in five or when the spirit moves the teacher; but it has been tried long enough in some schools to show results beyond expectation. The most vital argument for daily practice is that it cultivates the writing habit, that is, it makes written expression a natural and an easy thing; it coördinates the mind with the muscles employed in writing as it is coördinated with those employed in speaking. The nervous flow from the brain finds an easy channel through the pen, and the impediments that beset the unpractised hand are overcome. One learns to write by writing, and the good writer is called the "exact man."

Daily Practice

Another help is the selection of material on the basis of interest, when the occasion is ripe. The time when the birds are on the wing from their winter home, when the cocoons are opening or the buds are bursting, is the time to study these things. When the state or the nation sets apart a day in honor of an event or a hero, the school should fall into step with the larger civic life of the community and share the honor; when favors are received, no better motive for a note of thanks can be found than the acknowledgment of such favor; when a school is making any special study, it adds to the interest and pleasure of the study to communicate the knowledge gained therefrom to some one kindly disposed to the school.

Material Selected on the Basis of Interest

The basis of interest should also govern the acquiring of a vocabulary as language material. The mind seems to cling to the word that suits it, and if words are linked with experiences, or new content is put in-

to words already acquired, one gradually comes to a sensing of language that marks the beginning of literary taste. This may proceed from a simple start in connection with an exercise of the senses and a report of the results.

Organization of Material

Not only should material be selected on the basis of interest to the student, but its organization should show a larger recognition of the individual tastes of the various students. Composition plans should not only set forth the logic of the situation, but should help the student to see dependence and sequence, teach him how to narrow his theme, and to know the power of selection by preferring, in a short space, to treat thoroughly one attribute of a character rather than to treat superficially the whole character; to give the crucial moment in a story with point, rather than to tell the whole story aimlessly; all these things lead in turn to a sense of proportion, or the relation between an important point and the time and space allotted to its elaboration.

Children have commenced to organize their material when they begin to select from and arrange what they know with reference to a given subject; and when plan-making has been successfully carried out, the composition reading will illuminate the subject for every listener and reveal as many plans as there are students. One of the most effective means of organizing material by the teacher is in her lesson assignment, which, rightly done, takes much time. By it the student is to be put in sym-

The Lesson Assignment

pathy with his subject; is to have models placed before him; is to have the directions for his work made so definite that he will do exactly what the teacher has in mind for him to do, because nothing else will satisfy the requirements given. Lesson assignment may often, with profit, take the place of technical instruction by the placing of requirements instead of employing technical terms.

The Fostering of Interest

6. The fostering of the personal elements in composition is greatly dependent upon suitable conditions for writing; and all theory and all the materials at hand count for nothing if the situation does not beget in the mind of the student a love for his work and a belief that the task set for him to do is within his comprehension and consistent with his powers of performance. He is to be left absolutely free with his thought expression, and neither the domination of the writing master, of the spelling book, of the grammar drill, nor the pressure that he must write so much in the given time, should have a place in the composition exercise. These points, along with the errors made in writing, belong to drill lessons which have a place set apart for them on the regular program. Interest in his theme will settle these questions for the student, and there are also many coöperative influences in connection with the school life itself that stimulate him to vital work in composition writing; among these may be mentioned the exchange of papers between members of the same class, between classes in the same building, or in different

buildings or cities. There is also at present a practice among teachers of writing with their pupils, which gives a zest to the lesson that nothing else does.

Epistolary Writing and the Personal Element

7. The form that most happily employs the personal element in composition and that cultivates ease, grace, and fluency of expression is epistolary writing, under which may be placed letters, journals, autobiographies, imaginary conversation, and table-talk. Epistolary writing is used here to express one's attitude toward what one has to say; it is a form of writing that grows out of a point of view, or a manner of thinking. It has to do with the communication of one's thought to some one who is interested in that thought. The writer may assume a situation or impersonate a character and write out of himself therein. The most frequent sharing of ideas in epistolary writing is to be found in letters.

Letters

Letters from a distinct department of literature. The list of all the noble letter writers from Cicero to our own time can not be mentioned at one sitting; but in such a list are letters for young and old, letters to suit the varying tastes of all classes of people. The young person that does not know Phillips Brooks's letters of travel written to Gertie, or Victor Hugo's letters to his children, or Hans Andersen's letter to Marie, will hardly make up for what he has missed. What music lover could afford not to know the letters of Sidney Lanier, giving his musical impressions to his wife? The letters of Huxley and Darwin are valued by every scientist, and people of literary taste can scarcely forego the fine charm and

literary flavor of the letters of James Russell Lowell, John Lothrop Motley, Henry D. Thoreau, George William Curtis, Celia Thaxter, Charles Lamb, Lord Tennyson, Robert Louis Stevenson, and of Gilbert White's journal, making Selborne from that time famous to the world. The very nature of a letter makes it a means of securing spontaneity. Letters as literature have for their aim the communication of good will, the increasing of sympathy and the finer social instincts; the sharing of knowledge and the promotion of intelligence and higher aims. Surely these purposes belong to composition writing as it is treated in this book. It may be undeniably claimed, however, that the letters cited as models were not written as exercises in composition; that they grew out of a personal occasion; that writings beginning with "Dear friend," followed by dreary passages, and ending with words of affection do not constitute a letter; and also that letters can not be written in cold blood. While all these things are true, it can not be claimed that the school situation is incapable of furnishing to the student warm-blooded conditions for epistolary writing. Genuine motives for letters abound wherever life is lived in the interest of work and social contact. The school life calls for an exchange of good will and opinion on the basis of mutual interest. The life of a well-regulated school is healthy and has a distinctive character of its own; and while students have varied purposes and employments, they meet on a human plane, and their studies pursued in common with other children give

The School Rich in Motives for Letters

them a basis for interchange of thought. There is also a mutual bond in the larger civic life outside the school and in the natural phenomena about them, which furnishes to students abundant stimulus and proper motives for all forms of epistolary writing.

Summary 8. It is not then too much to claim that composition should be looked upon as an art-subject; that opportunity for daily practice in writing should be given to the teaching of it; that materials for it should be selected on the basis of interest and organized to suit the individual aptitudes of the students; that untrammeled conditions should be furnished the student when he writes; and that the school situation is rich in motives for epistolary writings which foster grace, ease and fluency of expression.

I

A GROUP OF LETTERS INTERESTING TO YOUNGER PEOPLE

VICTOR HUGO TO HIS LITTLE DIDINE

Good morning, my pet; good morning, my dear little girlie. I promised to write to you. You see I am keeping my word.

I have seen the sea, some fine churches, and some pretty country. The sea is large, the churches are handsome, the country is pretty; but the country is not as pretty as you, the churches are not as handsome as your Mamma, and the sea is not as great as my love for you all.

My pet, I have often given half-pence to poor children walking barefooted by the roadside, for your sakes, my little ones. I love you all dearly.

A few hours more and I shall be kissing you on your two dear little cheeks, and also my big Charlie and my little Dédé, who will give me a smile, I hope, and my beloved Toto.

Good-by for the present, my Didine. Keep this letter. When you are grown up, I shall be old, you will show it to me, we shall love each other dearly; when you are old, you will show it to your children,

and they will love you as much as I do. We shall soon meet. YOUR OWN DADDY.

FROM HANS ANDERSEN

Dear Little Marie:—

Papa and Mamma can read this letter to you, as you can not read it yourself yet; but only wait till this time four years; ah, then you'll be able to read everything, I know. I am in the country now like you. . . . It is so nice, and I have had some strawberries—large, red strawberries, with cream. Have you had any? One can taste them right down in one's stomach. Yesterday I went down to the sea . . . and sat on a rock by the shore. Presently a large white bird that they call a gull came flying along. It flew right toward me, so that I fancied it would have slapped me with its wings; but, mercy on us, it said, "Mamaree!" "Why, what's the matter?" I asked. "Mama-ree!" it said again, and then, of course, I understood that "Ma-ma-ree" meant Marie. "Oh," said I, "then you bring me a greeting from Marie, that's what it is, eh?" "Ya-ya! Ma-ma-ree, Ma-ma-ree," it said. It couldn't say it any better than that, for it only knew the gull language, and that is not very much like ours. "Thanks for the greeting," said I, and off flew the gull. After that, as I was walking in the garden, a little sparrow came flying up. "I suppose you now have flown a long way?" said I.

"Vit, vit" (far, far), it said. "Did you see Marie," I asked. "Tit, tit, tit" (often, often, often), it said. "Then give my greeting to Marie, for I suppose you are going back?" I said. "Lit, lit" (a little, little), it replied. If it has not come yet, it will come later on, but first I'll send you this letter. You may feed the little bird, if you like, but you must not squeeze it. Now greet from me all good people, all sensible beasts and all the pretty flowers that wither before I see them. Isn't it nice to be in the country, to paddle in the water, to eat lots of nice things, and to get a letter from your sweetheart. H. C. ANDERSEN.

SIDNEY LANIER TO HIS SECOND SON, SIDNEY, AGED TEN YEARS

(Not before published.)

435 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.,
November 12, 1880.

My dearest Sidney:—

What a long time has passed since I have been able to write you! And, mercy upon us, what an age it is since I have seen my dear slender tall boy! It seems so long that I am wondering if you have had time to grow as tall as my long-legged friend, Dr. C——, who has to stoop in order to walk under our parlor chandeliers. I suppose it is a very good thing to have long legs when one is riding a horse. A great French

writer, named Dumas, tells a terribly wild story of his father, who was a great horseman, and who—so Dumas says—could break a horse's ribs merely by the pressure of his legs. Have you learned to jump your horse over ditches and fences yet?

I expected to send you a text-book in Latin several days ago, but have not been able to find the one I wanted you to study. I hope to get it soon, and I feel sure you will enjoy learning to speak a little of this wonderful old language. I am going to ask you to find out who the people were that spoke Latin, and what language of the present day is most like it, so that you can tell me when you come home.

It gives me great pain to tell you that Fatsy is dead. He suddenly grew sick, some weeks ago, and we did what we could for him. But, poor fellow, he couldn't tell us where he felt badly; and we were not able to discover any symptoms that would enable us to treat his disease. We have missed him sadly, and the back-lots around us seem quite desolate without his very striking figure.

I have just received your letter, and am glad to know you liked the *St. Nicholas*. The next one will have an article by me on King Arthur.

Mother and I are indulging in many a fine dream of the week before Christmas, when we expect to bring you and our other two men home. You must caper about and grow as fat and strong as possible before that time, so that we may be able to hug a great deal of you at once and thus make up for the time when our arms have been empty.

I send Charley a copy of the last *Scribner's* today, and write him by the same mail. I wish I could tell you how much love goes with it, to him, and to my little man Hal, and to you, from

Your father, S. L.

"Fatsy" was a pet chicken of little Sidney's, who had grown into a tall, superb Dominique cock, the delight and pride of that intense, tenacious little heart. To "break the news" consolingly had been our problem, and was really the *raison d'être* of this letter.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, AT THE AGE OF NINE YEARS, TO HIS BROTHER, ROBERT T. S. LOWELL

November 2, 1828.

My dear Brother:—

I am now going to tell you melancholy news. I have got the ague together with a gumbile. I presume you know that September has got a lame leg, but he grows better every day and now is very well but still limps a little. We have a new scholar from round hill. his name is Hooper and we expect another named Penn who I believe also comes from there. The boys are all very well except Nemaise, who has got another piece of glass in his leg and is waiting for the doctor to take it out, and Samuel Storrow is also sick. I am going to have a new suit of blue broadcloth clothes to wear every day and to play in. Mother tells me that I may have any sort

of buttons I choose. I have not done anything to the hut but if you wish I will. I am now very happy; but I should be more so if you were there. I hope you will answer my letter if you do not I shall write you no more letters. when you write my letters you must direct them all to me and not write half to mother as you generally do. Mother has given me the three volumes of tales of a grandfather.

farewell, Yours truly,

JAMES R. LOWELL.

HAWTHORNE TO HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER, ROSE

My dear Little Rosebud:

I have put a kiss for you in this nice clean paper. I shall fold it up carefully, and I hope it will not drop out before it gets to Lisbon. If you can not find it, you ask Mamma to look for it. Perhaps you will find it on her lips. Give my best regards to your Uncle John and Aunt Sue, and to all your kind friends, not forgetting your nurse.

Your affectionate father, N. H.

MR. BURROUGHS TO A LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL

WEST PARK, N. Y., October 21, 1901.

My dear Little Friend:—

Your letter gave me real amusement and pleasure. I think you are a nice little girl. I wish I had one

like you. I have never had a little girl. I have one boy, and he has just graduated from Harvard College.

I often observe the insects, but I have never made a study of them. This early September I noted a large caterpillar, probably one of the swallow-tailed butterflies, that had hanging to its body a great number of small white objects that looked like ant eggs. Every one who saw them thought they were the caterpillar's eggs. But you know the caterpillar does not lay eggs. These small white objects were the cocoons of some small ichneumon fly that had laid its eggs in the flesh of the caterpillar. The young grubs lived upon the fat of the caterpillar and then had come out and spun their cocoons all over its body. The caterpillar was very feeble and soon died from the effects of the little grubs. You might have great fun in studying up the ichneumon flies and all that they do. Tell the other boys and girls in your room that I have not time to write to them now. Give my love to Roy M——, Diedrich N——, Katie H——, Marie H——, and to your teacher. I hope I can come some time to see your school.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THOMAS JEFFERSON TO THOMAS JEFFERSON SMITH, A BABY NAMESAKE

This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in his grave before you can weigh its counsels. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something

which might possibly have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run; and I, too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary with good dispositions on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss, and if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

Monticello, February 21, 1825.

(Appended to this letter, he gives a poem and a dialogue of Canons for observation in practical life.)

JEFFERSON TO HIS DAUGHTER

(Extract)

Dear Patsy:—

. . . With respect to your time, the following is what I approve:

From 8 to 10, practise music.

From 10 to 1, dance one day and draw the next.

From 1 to 2, draw on the day you dance, and write a letter next day.

From 3 to 4, read French.

From 4 to 5, exercise yourself in music.

From 5 till bed time, read English, write, etc.

. . . I expect you to write me by every post. . . . Take care that you never spell a word wrong. Always, before you write a word, consider how it is spelled, and if you do not remember it, turn to the dictionary.

In another letter he writes: I omitted to advise you about dress. Above all things, and at all times, let your clothes be neat, whole and properly put on.

From *The Domestic Life of Jefferson.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES TO MRS. STANTON

My dear Mrs. Stanton:—

I wish you would explain to your little nephew that the story of the poor fellow who almost died laughing was a kind of dream of mine, and not a real thing that happened, any more than that an old woman "lived in a shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do," or that Jack climbed the beanstalk and found the giant who lived at the top of it. You can explain to him what is meant by imagination, and thus turn my youthful rhymes into a text for a discourse worthy of the Concord School of Philosophy. I have not my poems by me here, but I remember *The Height of the Ridiculous* ended with this verse:

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

But tell your nephew he mustn't cry about it any more than because geese go barefoot and bald eagles have no nightcaps. The verses are in all the editions of my poems.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Stanton,

Very truly and respectfully yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD TO A CHILD

NORTHAMPTON, August 16, 1840.

Dearest Nony:—

Now I will write to you. I have no kitten to purr aloud; and my great black cat is not sufficiently well-behaved to deserve a written description. But my swallows still keep about the house. Almost every evening one or two of them come in at dark in search of flies; and they go circling around my head, so that I sometimes feel their wings fan my face. Once in a great while they come in now to look at the old nest, and squat down in it for a minute or two; just as children love to go back to the old homestead to see the place where they were born. But the pleasantest sight of all was when the little ones were learning to fly. Such a twittering and bustling! And when the baby birds, in spite of the mother's unwearied efforts, still continued too timid to drop down from the edge of the nest, she brought in eight or ten of her neighbor swallows to instruct and encourage them. She did this three times in succession. The woodshed seemed full of birds, for a few min-

utes at a time, flying and perching, and clinging to the beams, in all manner of pretty attitudes. I don't know but you grow tired hearing about my birds; but it seems as if I could watch them for ever. Every day I fear it is the last time I shall see them; for they will soon go away to the South to find a warmer home for winter. ——.

SIR THOMAS MORE TO HIS CHILDREN

. . . The merchant of Bristow brought unto me your letters, the next day after he had received them of you; with the which I was exceedingly delighted. For there can come nothing, yea, though it were never so rude, never so meanly published, from this your shop, but it procureth me more delight than any others' works be they ever so eloquent: your writing doth so stir up my affection towards you. But, excluding this, your letters may also very well please me for their own worth, being full of fine wit and of a pure Latin phrase: therefore none of them all but joyed me exceedingly. Yet, to tell you ingenuously what I think, my son John's letter pleased me best; both because it was longer than the other, as also for that he seemeth to have taken more pains than the rest. For he not only painteth out the matter decently and speaketh elegantly, but he playeth also pleasantly with me and returneth my jests upon me again, very wittily. Hereafter I ex-

pect day letters from every one of you: neither will it be amiss, if you first indite it in English; for then it may more easily be translated into Latin, whilst the mind, free from inventing, is attentive to find apt and eloquent words. . . . I enjoin you, by all means, that you diligently examine what you have written before you write it over fair again; first considering attentively the whole sentence, and after, examine every part thereof. . . . By this your diligence you will procure, that those, your trifles, will seem serious matters. For, as nothing is so pleasing but may be made unsavory by prating garrulity, so nothing is by nature so unpleasant, that by industry may not be made full of grace and pleasantness. Farewell, my sweetest children.

CHARLES KINGSLEY TO HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER, ROSE

My dear Miss Rose:—

I am writing in such a curious place—a mill, and such a funny little room in it, full of stuffed birds. And there is a flamingo, such a funny bird, with long legs and a long neck, as big as Miss Rose. And now I will tell you about the stork. He is called Peter, and here is a picture of him. See what long legs he has, and a white body and black wings, and he catches all the frogs and snails, and eats them, and when he is cross, he opens his long bill and makes such a horrible clattering like a rattle. And he comes to the window at tea time to eat bread and butter, and he is so greedy, and he gobbled down a

great pinch of snuff from Daddy's box, and he was so sick, and we all laughed at him for being so foolish and greedy. . . . And do you know, when Mr. Thurwall saw me drawing the stork, he gave me a real live stork of my own to bring home to Miss Rose, and we will put him in the kitchen garden to run about—what fun! And to-morrow Daddy is going to see the beautiful pictures at Fitzwilliam Museum, and the next day he is going to fish at Shelford, and the next day, perhaps, he is coming home to his darlings at Eversley Rectory, for he does not know what to do without them.

. . . How happy Miss Rose must be with her dear mother. She must say, "Thank God, for giving me such a darling mother." Kiss her for me and Maurice, and now good-bye, and I will bring home the stork. Your own DADDY.

JOHN RUSKIN TO SUSIE

(Extract)

PASS OF BOCCHETTA, 1st October.

——:—

All that is wonderful and lovely in the Alps may be seen without the slightest danger, in general, and it is especially good for little girls of eleven, who can't climb, to know this—all the best views of hills are at the bottom of them. I know one or two places, indeed, where there is a grand peeping over preci-

pices, one or two where the mountain seclusion and strength are worth climbing to see. But all the entirely beautiful things I could show you, Susie; only for the very highest sublime of them sometimes asking you to endure half an hour of *chaise à porteur,* but mostly from a post-chaise or smoothest of turnpike roads.

But, Susie, do you know, I'm greatly horrified at the pen-wipers of peacock's feathers! I always use my left-hand coat-tail, indeed, and if only I were a peacock and a pet of yours, how you'd scold me!

Sun just coming out over sea (at Sestri), which is sighing in toward the window, within your drive, round before the door's breadth of it, seen between two masses of acacia copse and two orange trees at the side of the inn courtyard.

COVENTRY PATMORE TO HIS DAUGHTER

14 Percy Street, February 1, 1864.

My dear little girl:—

I have treated your snowdrops with the greatest care, and I hope they will recover from the effects of the fearful stamping which they have received in the post.

Spring must be forwarder in Yorkshire than here. I suppose the warm smoke of Leeds protects the earth from the frost, which, in our clear London air, bids the flowers sleep for a month or two longer. I always wonder how the snowdrops know what time

it is to get up; for they do not mind the frost. All they insist upon is that it shall be the end of January or the beginning of February. They are by much the most cunning little flowers I know. . . .

Your loving father,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

TO THOMAS CARLYLE, FROM NERO, THE DOG

(Written by Jane Welsh Carlyle in Mr. Carlyle's absence)

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
Tuesday, January 20, 1859.

Dear Master:—

I take the liberty to write to you myself (my mistress being out of the way of writing to you she says) that you may know that Columbine [the cat] and I are quite well, and play about, as usual. There was no dinner yesterday, to speak of; I had for my share only a piece of biscuit that might have been round the world; and if Columbine got anything at all, I didn't see it. I made a grab at one of two "small beings" on my mistress' plate; she called them heralds of morn; but my mistress said, "Don't you wish you may get it?" and boxed my ears. I wasn't taken to walk on account of its being wet. And nobody came, but a man for "burial rate"; and my mistress gave him a rowing, because she wasn't going to be buried here at all. Columbine and I don't mind where we are buried. This is a fine day for a run; and I hope

I may be taken to see Mohe and Dumm. They are both nice, well-bred dogs, and always so glad to see me, and the parrot is great fun when I spring at her; and Mrs. Lindsay has always such lots of bones, and doesn't mind Mohe and Dumm and me eating them on the carpet. I like Mrs. Lindsay very much.

Your obedient little dog, NERO.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW TO HIS MOTHER

(Written during his Freshman year in Harvard College, describing a game of football)

CAMBRIDGE, September 5, 1856.

——:—

Last Monday we had our six annual football games; Freshman kicking against Sophomores. In the last three games, the Juniors help the Freshmen, and the Seniors help the Sophomores. We beat the third game, alone, a thing which has happened only three times since the University was founded. The Sophomores generally beat all six games, because they know the ground, and know each other. As I think a description of the whole affair would amuse you, I will give it to you.

At half past six we went to the "Delta," and in a few minutes the whole Sophomore class streamed into the field at one end, and about as large a class of Freshmen into the other, and stood opposite each other about a hundred yards apart, like two hostile armies. There we stood cheering and getting up our

courage until the ball was brought. It was received with great cheering and hurrahing, and handed over to the Sophomores, who have the first kick by rights. After they had kicked once, they waited till our champion, Crowninshield, had one kick, and then rushed in.

They knew that we were a large class and had a good many big fellows, so they determined to frighten us by hard fighting; and if anything was calculated to frighten fellows not used to it, it was the way in which they came upon us. They rushed down in a body, and, hardly looking for the ball, the greater part of them turned their attention to knocking down as many as they could, and kicked the ball when they happened to come across it. It was a regular battle, with fifty to seventy men on each side. It resembled more my idea of the hand-to-hand fighting in the battles of the ancients, than anything else. After the first game, few had their own hats on, few a whole shirt. In the beginning, I rushed into the middle with the crowd, but after that I kept among fellows of my own size on the outskirts. My experience in the middle was this: before I had been there more than a second, I had got three fearful raps on the head and was knocked down, and they ran all over me after the ball, which had been kicked to another part of the field. Then I picked myself up, as did a great many other fellows lying about me, and looked for my hat among about twenty others and a good many rags. I found it sometime afterwards.

. .. . That was Monday, and to-day is Friday,

but my head is not entirely well yet. I got many blows which I didn't feel at all till next day. A good many of our fellows were more badly hurt, because they had pluck enough to go into the thick of it each time; once was enough for me. It was fine to see how little some of them cared for the blows they got. After Juniors and Seniors came in there must have been two hundred on the ground. Of the last three games we beat one, and one was voted a drawn game. This is a much more important thing than one would think, because it is an established custom; and our having beaten is a great glory, and gives other classes a much higher opinion of us than they would otherwise have. They talked about it quite amicably the next day. Several of the Sophs and Seniors, who were opposed to us, came over to our side the same evening, and congratulated us upon having beaten them, because it was such an unusual thing.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON TO THOMAS ARCHER

TANTIRA, ISLAND OF TAHITI,
November, 1888.

Dear Tomarcher:—

. . . This is a much better place for children than any I have hitherto seen in these seas. The girls (and sometimes the boys) play a very elaborate kind of hopscotch. The boys play horses exactly as we do in Europe; and have very good fun on stilts, trying to knock each other down, in which they do

not succeed. The children of all ages go to church and are allowed to do what they please running about the aisles, rolling balls, stealing mamma's bonnet and publicly sitting on it, and at last going to sleep in the middle of the floor. I forgot to say that the whips to play horses and balls . . . grow ready-made on trees; which is rough on toy shops. The whips are so good that I wanted to play horse myself; but no such luck . . . But what I really wanted to tell you was this: besides the tree-top toys (Hush-a-by, toy-shop, on the tree-top!) I have seen some real *made* toys, the first hitherto observed in the south seas. . . . I have the honor to be Tomarcher's valued correspondent, TERIITERA, which he has previously known as ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

II

GROUPS OF LETTERS INTERESTING TO OLDER PERSONS

I. LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION

GEORGE WASHINGTON TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, AMERICAN MINISTER IN FRANCE.

PHILADELPHIA, 28 December, 1778.

Sir:—

The Marquis de Lafayette, having served with distinction as major-general in the army of the United States for two campaigns, has been determined, by the prospects of a European war, to return to his native country. It is with pleasure, that I embrace the opportunity of introducing to your acquaintance a gentleman, whose merits can not have left him unknown to you by reputation. The generous motives which first induced him to cross the Atlantic; the tribute which he paid to gallantry at Brandywine; his success in Jersey before he had recovered from his wounds, in an affair where he commanded militia against British grenadiers; the brilliant retreat, by which he eluded a combined manœuver of the whole British force in the last campaign; his services in the enterprise against Rhode Island; are such proofs of

his zeal, military ardor, and talents, as have endeared him to America, and must greatly recommend him to his Prince.

Coming with so many titles to claim your esteem, it were needless for any other purpose, than to indulge my own feelings, to add, that I have a very particular friendship for him; and that whatever services you have it in your power to render him will confer an obligation on one who has the honor to be, with the greatest esteem, regard, and respect, Sir, etc.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON TO COVENTRY PATMORE

CONCORD, October 5, 1858.

My dear Sir:—

I have once (and) again strained my slender claim to your acquaintance, for the benefit of my friends, when they were lovers of your genius, and am now emboldened by my regards for the traveler to do the like again.

My friend Miss Elizabeth Hoar (who should have been these many years my sister), desires to see you, as few have read your poems better, and I could not send you easily a more discerning and more cultivated person. Miss Hoar travels in Europe for a year with her brother and her friend Miss Pritchard, and, though they stay in London but a short time, mean, of course, to see the museum; and I must rely on your kindness to point out to them precisely those things which you value most. Miss Hoar will give you at

least the satisfaction of a clear intelligence and a correct taste.

I confide that you will find your acquaintance with my friend self-rewarding. And I hope you will impart to her some good news of yourself and your literary designs, which may arrive at last at me.

With grateful regards, yours,

R. W. EMERSON.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL TO NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, INTRODUCING W. D. HOWELLS

CAMBRIDGE, August 5, 1860.

My dear Hawthorne:

I have no masonic claim upon you except community of tobacco, and the young man who brings this does not smoke.

But he wants to look at you, which will do you no harm and him a great deal of good.

His name is Howells, and he is a fine young fellow, and has written several poems in the Atlantic, which of course you never read, because you don't do such things yourself, and are old enough to know better. . . . If my judgment is good for anything, this youth has more in him than any of our younger fellows in the way of rhyme.

Of course he can't hope to rival the *Consule Planco* men. Therefore let him look at you and charge it

To yours always,

J. R. LOWELL.

II. LETTERS OF GREETING

FROM O. W. HOLMES

296 Beacon Street, March 8, 1893.

My dear Madam:—

It gives me great pleasure to send my best regards to you and your pupils and my best wishes for you all.

I have a great many letters to dictate, and some, like this which I feel that I must write with my own hand. I can not therefore say all that I should like to, if less occupied. Add as many kind expressions from the dictionary as this sheet will hold, and I will be responsible for every one among them.

Very truly yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

FROM JAMES LANE ALLEN

To the Editors of The Dawn:—

In response to your kind request that I send you a greeting for a number of *The Dawn,* I have ventured to copy for you from one of my own stories the description of a school-house, such as you never sat in and will never see:

"Poor old school-house, long since become scattered ashes! Poor little backwoods academicians, driven in about sunrise, driven out toward dusk! Poor little tired backs with nothing to lean against!

Poor little bare feet that could never reach the floor! Poor little droop-headed figures, so sleepy, so afraid to fall asleep!"

With the hope that you will never forget what great men and women came out of the log school-houses of your country, and with the wish, also, that this fact may help you to realize that the real dwelling place of a great life is never the outer building, but always the noble inner temple of the spirit, I am,

Sincerely yours,

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Cincinnati, April 16, 1893.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS FROM MATTHEW ARNOLD TO HIS MOTHER

HAMPTON, August 19, 1852.

My dearest Mother:—

Clough has been with me for the last few days in Wales; he is likely to go to America in the autumn to try his fortune there as tutor. You will receive this, my dearest mother, on the morning of your birthday. Accept every loving and grateful wish from a son to whom you have been such a mother as few sons have. The more I see of the world, the more I feel thankful for the bringing up we had, so unworldly, so sound, so pure. God bless you, my dear mother, and believe me your truly affectionate child,

M. ARNOLD.

III. LETTERS OF CONGRATULATION

THOMAS JEFFERSON TO GEORGE WASHINGTON

MONTICELLO, October 28, 1781.

Sir:—

I hope it will not be unacceptable to your Excellency to receive the congratulations of a private individual on your return to your native shore, and, above all things, on the success which has attended it. Great as this has been, however, it can scarcely add to the affection with which we have looked up to you. And if, in the minds of any, the motives of gratitude to our good allies were not sufficiently apparent, the part they have borne in this action must amply convince them.

. . . I should certainly have done myself the honor of paying my respects to you personally, but I apprehend that these visits, which are meant by us as marks of our attachment to you, must interfere with the regulations of a camp, and be particularly inconvenient to one whose time is too precious to be wasted in ceremony.

I beg you to believe me among the sincerest of those who subscribe themselves your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant.

TH. JEFFERSON.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS TO JOHN J. PINKERTON

NORTH SHORE, STATEN ISLAND.
2nd October, 1863.

My dear Pinkerton:—

I wish you joy with all my heart, and the voice of a married man of seven years ought to have weight in felicitation. It has always seemed that my fancy was fleet enough to outrun the fact, and yet I have been always distanced. As a lover you think marriage is a very paradise, but as a husband you will feel that it is the beginning of life. But I leave the sermon to the good clergyman who will breathe upon you the heavenly benediction for your voyage. I only stand on the shore and fling after you my well worn marriage slipper, and believe all that you know of your companion, and whistle for the softest and most favorable gales. God bless you and yours. Always

Your friend,
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

IV. INVITATIONAL LETTERS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL TO THOMAS HUGHES, OF ENGLAND

ELMWOOD, July 18, 1870.

My dear Hughes:—

I hope you will come hither as early as you can, for it will be vacation, and I can see more of you. And I want you to see my trees with the leaves on—especially my English elms. . . . I hope by the middle of August our worst heats will be over, for they began early this year.

Already I have an invitation for you from a friend of mine at Newport (our great watering-place), whom I would like you to know. . . . While you are here, I will take you to Concord and show you such Lions as we have. We shall be delighted to see you and keep you as long as you can stay. . . . Good-by and God bless you till I take you by the hand.

Always heartily yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

DAVID MASSON TO OSCAR C. McCULLOCH

58 GREAT KING STREET,
EDINBURGH, July 6, 1891.

My dear Sir:—

Mrs. Masson and my daughter are away at Strathpeffer at present so that I am by myself here, and

shall be still by myself the time you and Mrs. McCulloch expect to be in Edinburgh. But, if you will excuse that unfortunate chance, I shall be glad to see you any afternoon during your visit when it may be convenient for you to give me that pleasure.

Yours very truly,
DAVID MASSON.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON TO HENRY JAMES

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEYMOUTH,
October 28, 1885.

My dear Henry James:—

At last, my wife being at a concert, and a story being done, I am at some liberty to write and give you of my views. . . .

And now to the main point: why do we not see you? Do not fail us. Make an alarming sacrifice and let us see "Henry James's Chair" properly occupied. I never sit in it myself (though it was my grandfather's); it has been consecrated to guests by your approval, and now stands at my elbow gaping. We have a new room, too, to introduce to you—our last baby, the drawing-room; it never cries and has cut its teeth. Likewise, there is a cat now. It promises to be a monster of laziness and self-sufficiency. . . . Now, my dear James, come—come—come. The spirit (that is me) says, come; and the bride (and that is my wife) says, come; and the best

thing you can do for us and yourself and your work is to get up and do so right away.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LONGFELLOW TO MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS.

(Acceptance.)

April 25, 1871.

We accept, Greene and myself, your kind invitation to dinner on Thursday, and will present ourselves in proper uniform at six o'clock.

Do not give yourself any further trouble about the notices of Greene's book. . . . Already I notice something like peacock's feathers growing upon my friend, and have to spread my own very wide to show that I still exist, am still respectable, though tarnished. It is a very comical sight to see two authors shut up in one room together.

However, we will be serious on Thursday.

HENRY D. THOREAU TO MR. B.

(Acceptance.)

CONCORD, January 21, 1854.

Mr. B——:—

My coat is at last done, and my mother and sister allow that I am *so far* in a condition to go abroad. I

feel as if I had gone abroad the moment I put it on. It is, as usual, a production strange to me, the wearer, . . . and the maker of it was not acquainted with any of my real depressions or elevations. . . . It requires a not quite innocent indifference, not to say insolence, to wear it. . . . I expect the time when a man . . . will get his coat as perfectly fitting as a tree its bark. . . . I think to come and see you next week, on Monday, if nothing hinders. . . . H. D. T.

CHARLES LAMB TO WORDSWORTH, DECLINING AN INVITATION TO VISIT WORDSWORTH

January 30, 1801.

I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang anywhere; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't care much if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, play-houses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the very women of the town; the watchmen, drunken

scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt, and mud, the sun shining upon houses, and pavements, the print-shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about the crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fullness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have put great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) for groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge), wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school,—these are my mistresses. Have I not enough without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters,

than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapes, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above as but a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind; and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh and green, and warm are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city. I should certainly have laughed with dear Joanna.

Give my kindest love, and my sister's, to D. and yourself; and a kiss from me to little Barbara Lewthwaite. Thank you for liking my play. C. L.

WILLIAM COWPER TO JOSEPH HILL, DECLINING AN INVITATION

1769.

Dear Joe:-

Sir Thomas crosses the Alps and Sir Cowper, for that is his title at Olney, prefers his home to any other spot of earth in the world. Horace, observing this difference of temper in different persons, cried out, a good many years ago, in the true spirit of poetry, "How much one man differs from another;" this does not seem a very sublime exclamation in English, but I remember we were taught to admire it in the original.

My dear friend, I am obliged to you for your invitation; but being long accustomed to retirement,

which I was always fond of, I am now more than ever unwilling to revisit those noisy and crowded scenes which I never loved and which I now abhor. I remember you with all the friendship I ever professed, which is as much as I ever entertained for any man. But the strange and uncommon incidents of my life have given an entire new turn to my whole character and conduct, and rendered me incapable of receiving pleasure from the same employments and amusements of which I could readily partake in former days.

I love you and yours; I thank you for your continued remembrance of me, and shall not cease to be their and your

Affectionate friend and servant,

WM. COWPER.

V. LETTER OF PRESENTATION

ROBERT BURNS TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN

(With a copy of "Bruce's Address to his troops at Bannockburn")

DUMFRIES, 12th January, 1794.

My Lord:—

Will your Lordship allow me to present you with the enclosed little composition of mine, as a small token of gratitude for the acquaintance with which you have been pleased to honor me. Independent of my enthusiasm as a Scotsman, I have rarely met

with anything in history which interests my feelings as a man equal with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand, a cruel but able usurper, leading on the finest army in Europe to extinguish the last spark of freedom among a greatly daring and greatly injured people; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant nation devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country, or perish with her.

Liberty! thou art a prize truly and indeed valuable; for never canst thou be too dearly bought!

ROBERT BURNS.

VI. LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

WHITTIER TO MISS ANDERSON, IN RECOGNITION OF HIS BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

AMESBURY, MASS., 12 Mo. 21, 1886.

Dear Friend:—

I heartily thank thee for thy interesting letter and the account of the hour devoted to myself and my writings in thy school. I am glad to know that the young folks so pleasantly remembered me on my birthday.

I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

DOROTHY STANLEY TO OSCAR C. McCULLOCH, FOR A COPY OF RILEY'S POEMS.

"The Coates," Kansas City.
22d December, 1890.

Dear Mr. McCulloch:—

I thank you very much for your kind and gracious thought, in sending me Mr. Riley's volume of poems. I do not know whether the poems of William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, are known in America, but these poems of James W. Riley very much remind me of our much appreciated poet, who wrote all his verses in the Dorset dialect.

My mother wishes me to thank you for the paper you sent her giving the wonderful list of subjects and authors and poets studied at your Plymouth Institute. Everything I see and hear in America goes to prove what a great progressive people you are.

With Mr. Stanley's very kind regard, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Dorothy Stanley.

G. W. CURTIS TO LOWELL, UPON "THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION ODE"

Ashfield, Mass., 12th Sept., 1865.

My dear Lowell:—

I thank you with all my heart for the noble ode which with all my heart I have read and enjoyed. Certainly you have done nothing in a loftier strain,

nor has anything more truly worthy of the great theme been written. If it be very serious and very sad it is for the same reason that the sky is blue and the corn is yellow. I have read it aloud to Anna, and read and re-read it to myself; and I am sure it says what the truest American heart feels and believes. And if that is not a work worth doing,—if a man *can* do it, what is?

Affectionately yours, and more and more,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

FROM WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, RECOGNIZING AN APPRECIATION OF HIS WRITINGS

48 West 59th St., May 18, 1902.

My dear Miss ——:—

Those charming letters by your pupils have reached me after wandering round through Boston, and I have to thank you for the very great pleasure you have done me in sending them. Several of them seem to me as good criticisms as could be written of the book; others mistake the intention slightly; but they are all surprisingly intelligent; they are clearly and simply expressed, and they seemed the genuine, unsuggested opinions of their writers. No author merits more at the hands of his critics, and for my part, I do not ask more. I have been touched, in a way I could not just explain, by the apparent interest shown in my work, and I wish you would tell all the

Juniors in the Shortridge High School how truly and humbly proud—"this was sometime a paradox"—I am of their liking. Without their favor I could not have believed that I should care anything for the voice of posterity. Give them my love along with these poor thanks.

Yours sincerely,
W. D. Howells.

FROM JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Dec. 18, 1901.

Dear Miss ——:—

What a very great pleasure the pupils of your English Class have given me, in their general voice of kindly acceptance of the simple songs I have been trying to sing since a student at school myself—and, I can but add, a poor one indeed, as compared with these most worthy ones who write such very bright and interesting letters—all of which I have read with an appreciation deeper and fonder than I can here express. But I do ask you to speak for me to your students. Thank them for honoring and enriching me with the rare Christmas-present of their praise—the gift and the grace of the gift which so touches and refreshes an old heart it seems made young again—a veritable playmate of their own. So to them all my halest greetings and abiding love—praying, with the saintliest of children, Tiny Tim, this

sacred season's very gentlest prayer;—God bless us, every one!

Always gratefully and truly,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

JOHN BURROUGHS TO A NATURE CLUB

WEST PARK, N. Y., Oct, 12, 1892.

My Dear Young Friends:—

Though Mr. —— had already sent me a copy of his father's book, *Wood Notes Wild*, yet I thank you all the same for remembering me so pleasantly. I think Mr. ——'s notes on the song birds very good indeed, tho' how accurately he has rendered them on the musical scale I do not know, as I do not know written music. What walkers you are—ten miles is quite a stretch. What fun you must have, what profit to your health, and what addition to your knowledge of nature! I think there is some danger that you will take, or are taking, the study of nature too seriously. It must not be a task, but a joy. Every excursion should be a picnic. Go out for what you can enjoy, rather than for what you can find out. The knowledge will come. Where the heart is included, the head learns easily. One may have a certain bloom and freshness of feeling about nature, which too much hard study, direct study of her, may kill. Do not forget Wordsworth's lines in his *Poet's Epitaph* on "a fingering slave, one that would peep and botanize upon his mother's grave." I speak in this way because I fear that when you grow older

and the cares of life begin to press upon you, you will feel that you have exhausted nature and that you will give no time to the fields and woods. Keep your love fresh and eager, and remember that to love nature is better than to know her; in other words, your knowledge must first of all have a background of love. Name the birds and flowers, but do not think they are all there in your dead specimen.

If I ever come to Indianapolis we will have a walk together. When you have your pictures send them to me. Hoping your love for nature may never grow dim, I am, Sincerely yours,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO NOAH WEBSTER

PHILADELPHIA, December 26, 1789.

Dear Sir:—

I received some time since your *Dissertations on the English Language.* The book was not accompanied by any letter or message informing me to whom I am obliged for it, but I suppose it is yourself. It is an excellent work and will be greatly useful in turning the thoughts of your countrymen to correct writing. Please to accept my thanks for the great honor you have done me in its dedication. I ought to have made this acknowledgment sooner, but much indisposition prevented me.

I can not but applaud your zeal for preserving the purity of our language, both in its expression and

pronunciation, and in correcting the popular errors several of our states are continually falling into with respect of both. Give me leave to mention some of them, though possibly they may have already occurred to you. I wish, however, in some future publication of yours, you would set a discountenancing mark upon them. The first I remember is the word *improved.* When I left New England, in the year 1723, this word had never been used among us, as far as I know, but in the sense of ameliorated, or made better, except once in a very old book of Dr. Mather's entitled *Remarkable Providences.* . . . But when I returned to Boston in 1733, I found this change had obtained favor, and was then become common; for I met with it often in perusing the newspapers, where it frequently made an appearance rather ridiculous. Such, for instance, as the advertisement of a country-house to be sold, which had been many years *improved* as a tavern; and in the character of a deceased country gentleman, that he had been for more than thirty years *improved* as a justice of the peace. This use of the word *improved* is peculiar to New England, and not to be met with among any other speakers of English, either on this or the other side of the water.

The Latin language, long the vehicle used in distributing knowledge among the different nations of Europe, is daily more and more neglected; and one of the modern tongues, viz., the French, seems in point of universality to have supplied its place. It is spoken in all the courts of Europe; and most of the

literate, those even who do not speak it, have acquired knowledge enough of it to enable them easily to read the books that are written in it. This gives a considerable advantage to that nation; it enables its authors to inculcate and spread throughout other nations such sentiments and opinions on important points as are most conducive to its interests, or which may contribute to its reputation by promoting the common interests of mankind. It is perhaps owing to its being written in French, that Voltaire's treatise on "Toleration" has had so sudden and so great an effect on the bigotry of Europe, as almost entirely to disarm it.

Our English bids fair to obtain the second place. The great body of printed sermons in our language, and the freedom of our writings on political subjects, have induced a number of divines of different sects and nations, as well as gentlemen concerned in public affairs, to study it; so far, at least, as to read it. . . .

My best wishes attend you, being with sincere esteem, Sir, etc. B. FRANKLIN.

CHARLES DICKENS TO GEORGE ELIOT, UPON RECEIPT OF "SCENES FROM A CLERICAL LIFE"

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, LONDON,
Monday, 17th Jan. 1858.

My dear Sir:—

I have been so strongly affected by the two first tales in the book you have had the kindness to send

me, through Messrs. Blackwood, that I hope you will excuse my writing to you to express my admiration of their extraordinary merit. The exquisite truth and delicacy, both of the humor and pathos of these stories, I have never seen the like of; and they have impressed me in a manner that I should find it very difficult to describe to you, if I had the impertinence to try.

In addressing these few words of thankfulness to the creator of *The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton,* and the sad love story of Mr. Gilfil, I am (I presume) bound to adopt the name that it pleases that excellent writer to assume. I can suggest no better one: but I should have been strongly disposed, if I had been left to my own devices, to address the said writer as a woman. I have observed what seemed to me such womanly touches in those moving fictions, that the assurance on the title-page is insufficient to satisfy me even now. If they originated with no woman, I believe that no man ever before had the art of making himself mentally so like a woman since the world began.

You will not suppose that I have any vulgar wish to fathom your secret. I mention the point as one of great interest to me—not of mere curiosity. If it should ever suit your convenience and inclination to show me the face of the man, or woman, who has written so charmingly, it will be a very memorable occasion to me. If otherwise, I shall always hold that impalpable personage in loving attachment and respect, and shall yield myself up to all future utter-

ances from the same source, with a perfect confidence in their making me wiser and better.

Your obliged and faithful servant and admirer,

CHARLES DICKENS.

GEORGE ELIOT, ESQ.

FROM GEORGE ELIOT, IN APPRECIATION OF DICKENS'S LETTER

(Letter to John Blackwood, January 21, 1858)

Dear Sir:—

I am sure you will be interested in Dickens's letter, which I enclose, begging you to return it as soon as you can, and not to allow any one beside yourself and Major Blackwood to share in the knowledge of its contents. There can be no harm, of course, in every one's knowing that Dickens admires the *Scenes,* but I should not like any more specific allusion made to the words of a private letter. There can hardly be any climax of approbation for me after this; and I am so deeply moved by the finely felt and finely expressed sympathy of the letter, that the iron mask of the incognito seems quite painful in forbidding me to tell Dickens how thoroughly his generous impulse has been appreciated. If you should have an opportunity of conveying this feeling of mine to him in any way, you would oblige me by doing so.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON TO MR. J. HUTCHINSON STIRLING, LL. D., GLASGOW UNIVERSITY

(The Independent Club of Glasgow University placed Mr. Emerson in nomination for the office of Lord-Rector. He received five hundred votes against seven hundred for Disraeli, who was elected. This event showed a high appreciation of Mr. Emerson's character.)

CONCORD, 5th January, 1875.

My dear Dr. Stirling:—

I can not forgive myself for my tardiness in telling you how deeply I have felt your interest and care in my behalf at Glasgow. Yet I was, and am, deeply sensible of your heroic generosity in the care of my interest in the late election. I could never, from the first to the last act in the affair, bring myself to believe that the brave nomination of the independents would succeed, and could hardly trust the truth of the telegram, which at last brought me so dignified a result as five hundred votes in our behalf. I count that vote as quite the fairest laurel that has ever fallen on me; and I can not but feel deeply grateful to my young friends in the university, and to yourself, who have been their counselor and my too partial advocate. Of course such an approach to success gave me lively thoughts of what could have been attempted and at least approached in meeting and dealing with the university, if my friends had succeeded; but I hope the stimulus they have given me will not be wholly lost. Probably I have never seen

one of these five hundred young men; and thus they show us that our recorded thoughts give the means of reaching those who think with us in other countries, and make closer alliances sometimes than life-long neighborhood. To be sure, the truth is hackneyed, but it never came to me in so palpable a form. It is easy to me to gather from your letters, and from those of Mr. Herkless, and from the printed papers, how generously you have espoused and aided my champions; and it only adds one more to the many deep debts which I owe to you. I never lose the hope that you will come to us at no distant day, and be our king in philosophy.

With affectionate regards,

R. WALDO EMERSON.

MR. J. HUTCHINSON STIRLING, LL. D.

CARLYLE TO EMERSON

(Extract)

5 GREAT CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,
12th August, 1834.

My dear Sir:—

Some two weeks ago I received your kind gift from Frazer. To say that it was welcome would be saying little: is it not as a voice of affectionate remembrance, coming from beyond the ocean waters, first decisively announcing for me that a whole new

continent exists—that I, too, have part and lot there! "Not till we can think that here and there one is thinking of us, one is loving us, does this waste earth become a peopled garden." Among the figures I can recollect as visiting our Nithsdale hermitage, all like apparitions now, bringing with them airs from heaven, or else blasts from the other region, there is perhaps not one of a more undoubtedly supernal character than yourself: so pure, and still with intents so charitable; and, then, vanishing too so soon into the azure Inane as an apparition should! Never has your address in my note book met my eye but with a friendly influence. Judge if I am glad to know that there, in infinite space, you still hold by me.

. . . And so here, looking over the water, let me repeat once more what I believe is already dimly the sentiment of all Englishmen, cisoceanic and transoceanic, that we and you are not two countries, and can not for the life of us be; but only two parishes of one country. . . . Continue to love me, you and my other friend; and as packets sail so swiftly, let me know it frequently. All good be with you.

Most faithfully,

T. CARLYLE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL TO R. W. EMERSON

ELMWOOD, Oct. 14, 1868.

My dear Sir:—

If you had known what a poem your two tickets contained for me, how much they recalled, how many vanished faces of thirty years ago, how much gratitude for all you have been and are to us younger men (a debt I always love to acknowledge, though I can never repay it), you would not have dreamed of my not being an eager hearer during the whole course. Even were I not sure (as I always am with you) of having what is best in me heightened and strengthened, I should go out of loyalty to what has been one of the great privileges of my life. I, for one,

"Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime,"

and you may be sure of one pair of ears in which the voice is always musical and magisterial, too. . . .

I am gratefully and affectionately,

Your liegeman,

J. R. LOWELL.

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE TO DR. FRANKLIN

HAVRE, 29th August, 1779.

Sir:—

Whatever expectations might have been raised from the sense of past favors, the goodness of the

United States for me has ever been such, that on every occasion it far surpasses any idea I could have conceived. A new proof of that flattering truth I find in the noble present, which Congress has been pleased to honor me with, and which is offered in such a manner by your Excellency, as will exceed anything but the feelings of my unbounded gratitude.

In some of the devices I can not help finding too honorable a reward for those slight services, which in concert with my fellow soldiers, and under the Godlike American hero's orders, I had the good luck to render. The sight of these actions, where I was a witness of American bravery and patriotic spirit, I shall ever enjoy with that pleasure, which becomes a heart glowing with love for the nation, and the most ardent zeal for their glory and happiness. Assurances of gratitude, which I beg leave to present to your Excellency, are much too inadequate to my feelings, and nothing but those sentiments may properly acknowledge your kindness toward me. The polite manner in which Mr. Franklin was pleased to deliver that inestimable sword, lays me under great obligations to him, and demands my particular thanks.

With the most perfect respect, I have the honor to be, etc. LAFAYETTE.

DECLINATION TO ACKNOWLEDGE FAVOR
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

(When Dr. Samuel Johnson's *A Dictionary of the English Language*, 1755, was about to be published, Lord Chesterfield wrote in praise of it, hoping to secure the dedication of it to himself; but Johnson remembered Chesterfield's refusal of favor to him at a former time of need, and wrote the following letter, which is remarkable for its sarcasm, vigor, and well-chosen diction, and serves as a sample of Johnson's style.)

My Lord:—

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World,* that two papers in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge. . . .

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before. . . . Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help?

The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and can not enjoy it, . . . till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity . . . to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favor of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less.

VII. LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

FROM JOSIAH QUINCY

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE,
March 26, 1838.

To whom it may concern:—

I certify that Henry D. Thoreau, of Concord, in this state of Massachusetts, graduated at this seminary in August, 1837; that his rank was high as a scholar in all branches, and his morals and general conduct unexceptional and exemplary. He is recommended as well qualified as an instructor, for employment in any public or private school or private family.

JOSIAH QUINCY,
President of Harvard University.

CICERO TO CAESAR IN GAUL

ROME, February.

Cicero greets Cæsar, *Imperator*. Observe how far I have convinced myself that you are my second self, not only in matters which concern me personally, but even in those which concern my friends. It had been my intention to take Caius Trebatius with me for whatever destination I should be leaving town, in order to bring him home again honored as much as my zeal and favor could make him.

But when Pompey remained at home longer than I expected, and a certain hesitation on my part (with which you are not unacquainted) appeared to hinder, or at any rate to retard, my departure, I presumed on what I will now explain to you. I begin to wish that Trebatius should look to you for what he had hoped from me, and, in fact, I have been no more sparing of my promises of good will on your part than I had been wont to be of my own. Moreover, an extraordinary coincidence has occurred which seems to support my opinion and to guarantee your kindness. For just as I was speaking to our friend Balbus about this very Trebatius at my house with more than usual earnestness, a letter from you was handed to me, at the end of which you say: "Miscinius Rufus, whom you recommend to me, I will make king of Gaul, or, if you choose, put him under the care of Lepta. Send me some one else to promote." . . . I therefore send you Trebatius, and on two grounds, first, that it was my spontaneous idea

to send him, and secondly, because you have invited me to do so. . . . As for him I guarantee . . . that no honester, better, or more modest man exists; added to this, he is at the top of his profession as jurisconsult, possesses an unequaled memory and the most profound learning. For such a man I ask neither a tribuneship, prefecture, nor any definite office; I ask only your good will and liberality. . . Be careful of your health and continue to love me as ever.

VIII. LETTERS OF REQUEST

ROBERT BURNS TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.

Sir:—

When I had the honor of being introduced to you at Athole House, I did not so soon think of asking a favor of you. When Lear, in Shakespeare, asked old Kent why he wished to be in his service, he answered: "Because you have that in your face which I would fain call master." For some such reason, Sir, do I now solicit your patronage. You know, I dare say, of an application I lately made to your Board to be admitted an officer of Excise. I have, according to form, been examined by a supervisor, and to-day I gave in his certificate, with a request for an order for instructions. In this affair, if I succeed, I am afraid I shall but too much need a patronizing friend. Propriety of conduct as a man, and fidelity and attention as an officer, I dare engage for; but with

anything like business, except manual labor, I am totally unacquainted.

I had intended to close my late appearance on the stage of life in the character of a country farmer; but after discharging some filial and fraternal claims, I find I could only fight for existence in that miserable manner which I have lived to see throw a venerable parent into the jaws of a jail; whence death, the poor man's last and often best friend, rescued him.

I know, Sir, that to need your goodness is to have claim on it; may I, therefore, beg your patronage to forward me in this affair till I be appointed to a division, where by the use of rigid economy, I will try to support that independence so dear to my soul, but which has been too often so distant from my situation? ROBERT BURNS.

REFUSAL TO COMPLY WITH REQUEST FROM JOHN RUSKIN

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
May 19, 1886.

Sir:—

I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing! My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is "Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven—but don't borrow. Try first beg-

ging—I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing! But don't buy things you can't pay for!" * * *

Ever, nevertheless, and in all this saying,

Your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

FROM RICHARD WATSON GILDER, WITH THE RETURN OF A MANUSCRIPT

MARION, MASS., August 19, 1885.

My dear ——:—

The little MS. book you let me see (and I thank you for the compliment) interested me greatly.

The criticism I would make on it is similar to the one I remember making on a poem by a charming young woman to whom I lately returned her manuscript. I find color here, poetic color, as I find it on the palette of a painter,—it has a rich look,—but it has not been put on canvas in the form of a picture. In other words, I find lovely thoughts and poetic lines, but seldom, if ever, what seemed to me a complete and satisfying poem. I may be mistaken in this—but the person who wrote that little book can, and will, if he buckles to it, write genuine and finished poems. So mote it be!

Sincerely,

R. W. GILDER.

IX. LETTERS OF ADVICE

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON

LONDON, July the 26th, 1748.

Dear Boy:—

There are two sorts of understandings; one of which hinders a man from ever being considerable, and the other commonly makes him ridiculous; I mean the lazy mind, and the trifling, frivolous mind. Yours, I hope, is neither. The lazy mind will not take the trouble of going to the bottom of anything, but, discouraged by the first difficulties (and everything worth knowing or having is attended with some), stops short, contents itself with easy, and consequently, superficial, knowledge, and prefers a great degree of ignorance to a small degree of trouble. These people either think or represent most things as impossible, whereas few things are so to industry and activity. But difficulties seem to them impossibilities, or at least they pretend to think them so, by way of excuse for their laziness. An hour's attention to the same object is too laborious for them; they take everything in the light in which it first presents itself, never consider it in all its different views, and, in short, never think it thorough. The consequence of this is, that when they come to speak upon these subjects before people who have considered them with attention, they only discover their own ignorance and laziness, and lay themselves open to answers

that put them in confusion. Do not, then, be discouraged by the first difficulties but resolve to go to the bottom of all those things which every gentleman ought to know well. Such are languages, history, and geography, ancient and modern; philosophy, rational logic, rhetoric; and, for you particularly, the constitution, and the civil and military state of every country in Europe. This, I confess, is a pretty large circle of knowledge, attended with some difficulties, and requiring some trouble; which, however, an active and industrious mind will overcome, and be amply repaid by. Read only useful books, and never quit a subject till you are thoroughly master of it, but read and inquire on till then. When you are in company, bring the conversation to some useful subject. Never be ashamed nor afraid of asking questions; for if they lead to information, and if you accompany them with some excuse, you will never be reckoned an impertinent or rude questioner. Adieu.

FROM JOHN BURROUGHS

WEST PARK, N. Y., April 3d, '93.

Dear Boys and Girls:—

I write you this line on my birthday, my fifty-sixth. And the best thing I can say about myself is that I am at heart a boy still. One may lose wealth and regain it, one may lose health and regain it, one may lose friends and find others, but youth once

gone is gone for ever. The best receipt I know of to keep the heart young is love of nature. Love, anyway, is the great preserver, while hate, envy, jealousy, are the real destroyers. To keep your hearts young keep them full of love.

Always your friend,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL TO A PUPIL

Your question of 26th May was too good a one to leave so long unanswered. It was not left as being too hard to answer, but I have been very busy, and really could not find time to settle myself to say anything on so important a question till to-night, and now it must be a brief note.

The real value of "being well read" seems to me to be in the wider and truer life it gives us. By "wider" I mean that our thoughts and feelings and purposes are more complex and more consonant with the complexity and manifoldness of the universe we live in: the microcosm gets a little—even if a very little—nearer in quantity and quality to the macrocosm. The crystal leads such a narrow life—just along one little line—a single law of facet and angle; the plant a little wider; the fish a little wider; and the different sorts of people widening and widening out in their inner activities—and much according to their reading (since living human contact is not possible, except with a few relatives and neighbors).

And by truer life, I mean truer to nature; more as we were meant to be; the inner relations between ideas corresponding closer to the outer relations, or "real" relations, between things. These real-thing-relations are in fact very complex and vastly inclusive; so must the thoughts and feelings be, if "true," or truly correspondent or mirror-like to them.

I don't see that culture (unless you spell it wrong [cult your]) needs, or tends at all, to cut one off from human warmth. Are not some of the "best-read" people you know or hear of some of the broadest-hearted also? The very essence of culture is shaking off the nightmare of self-consciousness and self-absorption and attaining a sort of Christian Nirvana—lost in the great whole of humanity, thinking of others, caring for others, admiring and loving others.

I should like to have you write me more fully about it some time.

Taken from *A Memorial of Edward Rowland Sill*, printed for private circulation and containing, together with a few of his letters, the papers read at the memorial meeting held by the Berkeley Club at Oakland, California, 14th April, 1887.

FROM CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

UNIVERSITY CLUB, MADISON SQUARE,
NEW YORK, March 11, 1893.

Dear Indianapolis Children:—

It is your privilege to be young. It is a great opportunity. The world is also before you, and you can make it for yourselves, substantially, what you will.

For, remember, this world you are to live in and see the work of is yourselves. I pity a boy and still more a girl who is not good company for himself or herself. And the person who is not good company for himself will not be good company for anybody else.

Most of you will live in the twentieth century. It is going to be a great century. I hope you are getting ready for it, and will help to make it a good deal better than the nineteenth.

With cordial greetings, yours sincerely,

CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER.

FROM EDWARD EGGLESTON

Dear Boys and Girls:—

My advice to you is to try to have a good time in the world. Get your pleasure always at your own and not at other people's expense; let it always be good, honest, clean happiness, with nothing wrong about it. But don't, on any account, fail to have a good time. If life should go hard with you, so that you can't have a very good time, why, then have just as good a time as you can at all hazards.

EDW. EGGLESTON.

New York, March, 1893.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL TO EDWARD M. DAVIS

ELMWOOD, July 24, 1845.

My Dear Friend:—

. . . If you had cast about for a hard question to ask me, you could not have been more successful than in desiring my advice in a course of reading. I suppose that very few men who are bred scholars ever think of such a thing as a *course* of reading after their freshman year in college. Their situation throws books constantly in their way, and they select by a kind of instinct the food which will suit their mental digestion, acquiring knowledge insensibly, as the earth gathers soil. This was wholly the case with myself. . . . If I were in your case, I should read History. Hume and Smollett for England, Robertson for Scotland, Niebuhr and Gibbon for Rome, Mitford for Greece, Bancroft for America, Thucydides and Livy and Herodotus you can read in translations, also Tacitus. Read them always with a modern eye and note how exactly alike men have been in all ages of the world, as far as the external motives of life go. In the internal you will find a steady progress. You will see men in every age with high moral principle . . . with inspiration. . . . After you have once begun to read you will need no advice. One book will lead to another and that to a third. . . . Farewell.

I remain, with true love, your friend,

J. R. L.

X. LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

1. Of Music

SIDNEY LANIER TO HIS WIFE

(Extracts)

1874.

To-day I played for the great Dr. Damrosch, and won him. I sang the *Wind Song* to him. When I finished he came and shook my hand, and said it was done like an artist: that it was wonderful, in view of my education; and that he was greatly astonished and pleased with the poetry of the piece and the enthusiasm of its rendering. He then closed the door on his next pupil, and kept him waiting in the front parlor a half-hour, while giving me a long talk. I had told him that I wished to pursue music. He said, "Do you know what that means? It means a great deal of work; it means a thousand sacrifices. It is very hazardous." I replied, I knew all that; but it was not a matter of mere preference, it was a spiritual necessity, I must be a musician, I could not help it. This seemed to please him; and he went on to speak as no other musician here *could* speak, of many things. He is the only poet among the craft here; and is a thoroughly cultivated man, in all particulars. He offered to do all he could in my behalf; and was, altogether, the gentleman and the wise artist.

NEW YORK, August 15, 1870.

Ah, how they have belied Wagner! I heard Theodore Thomas's orchestra play his overture to *Tannhäuser*. The "Music of the Future" is surely thy music and my music. Each harmony was a chorus of pure aspirations. The sequences flowed along, one after another, as if all the great and noble deeds of time had formed a procession and marched in review before one's ears, instead of one's *eyes*. These "great and noble deeds" were not deeds of war and statesmanship, but majestic victories of inner struggles of a man. This unbroken march of beautiful-bodied triumphs irresistibly invites the soul of a man to create other processions like it. I would I might lead a so magnificent file of glories into heaven.

MACON, GA., March 3, 1870.

If the year were an orchestra, to-day would be the calm-passionate, even, intense, quiet, full, ineffable *flute* therein. In this sunshine one is penetrated with flute-tones.

The passion of the struggling births of a thousand spring-germs mingles itself with the peaceful smiles of the heavens and with the tender agitation of the air. It is a mellow sound, with a shimmer of light trembling through it.

To-day is a prophecy of the new earth: as . . . Music is a prophecy of another life. To-day floats down Time as one petal of a Lily on the bosom of a swift stream, silently it tells, at once, of the gap it has left in the full Lily, and of the ocean whither it

drifts to be engulfed, to die, and to live again in other forms.

To-day comes as a friend with some serene great joy in his eyes. He whispers his sacred exultation: and will not speak it aloud, for its holiness. . . .

From *The Letters of Sidney Lanier.*
Coyprighted by Charles Scribner's Sons.

2. *Of Nature*

MARIA WHITE TO MRS. HAWTHORNE

(Extracts)

. . . Is not June the crown of the year, the Carnival of Nature, when the trees pelt each other with blossoms, and are stirring and bending when no wind is near them, because they are so full of inward life, and must shiver for joy to feel how fast the sap is rushing up from the ground? On such days can you sing anything but "Oh, beautiful love?" Doesn't it seem as if Nature wore your livery and wished to show the joy of your heart in every possible form? The everlasting hum and seething of myriad life satisfies and soothes me. I feel as if something were going on in the world, else why all this shouting, and bedecking of every weed in its best, this endless strain from every tiny weed or great oaken flute? All that can not sing, dances; the gnats in the air and the long-legged spider on the water. Even the

ants and beetles, the workers that are quoted for examples by hoarding men, run about doing nothing, putting their busy antennæ into everything, tumbling over the brown mold for sheer enjoyment, and running home at last without the little white paper parcel in their mouths which gives them so respectable an air. Doubtless the poor things are scolded by their infirm parents, who sit sunning themselves at the door of their house.

. . . Beetles seem to me to have a pleasant life, because they, who have fed for two or three years underground upon the roots, come forth at last winged, and find their nourishment in the blooms of the very same tree. It comforts me, because we have ourselves to eat many bitter roots here, whose perfect flower shall one day delight us. This, dear Sophia, has been a long ramble.

I promised to copy that sonnet of James's for you, so I enclose it.

With true sympathy and love,

Affectionately yours,

MARIA WHITE.

WILLIAM COWPER TO JOHN JOHN, ESQUIRE

WESTON, March 11, 1792.

My Dearest Johnny:—

You talk of primroses that you pulled on Candlemas day; but what think you of me who heard a

nightingale on New Year's day? Perhaps I am the only man in England who can boast of such good fortune; good, indeed; for if it was at all an omen, it could not be an unfavorable one. The winter, however, is now making himself amends, and seems the more peevish for having been encroached on at so undue a season. Nothing less than a large slice out of the spring will satisfy him.

Lady Hesketh left us yesterday. She intended, indeed, to have left us four days sooner; but in the evening before the day fixed for her departure, snow enough fell to occasion just so much delay of it.

Forget not your promised visit.

W. C.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

CAMBRIDGE, 2d day of Holy Week,
May, 1859.

. . . I miss you like thunder—*ça va sans dire* —especially in this George-Herbert's-Sunday kind of weather, which is cool and calm and bright as can be thought. I fancy you listening to the bobolinks among the fresh grass on the lawn. I heard them yesterday on my way to the printing-office for the first time this spring. That liquid tinkle of theirs is the true fountain of youth, if one can only drink it with the right ears, and I always date the New Year from the day of my first draught. Messer Roberto di Lincoln, with his summer alb over his shoul-

ders, is the chorister for the bridals of earth and sky . . . The robin sings matins and vespers somewhat conscientiously, but Bob squanders song like a poet. . . . Yesterday, I indulged in my favorite pastime of sitting on a fence and basking. The landscape was perfect. . . . Sweet Auburn pink with new-leaved oaks. Corey's Hill green in the hayfields, and brown with squares of freshly turned furrows (versus, the Farmer's poem), the orchards rosy with apple-blooms, the flowering grasses just darkening the meadows to set off the gold of the buttercups, here and there pale splashes of Houstonia dropt from the Galaxy, and the river all blue and gold. This is Cambridge, sir! What is Newport to this? But I am bobolinking, instead of attending to business.

EMERSON TO CARLYLE

(Extract)

CONCORD, 14th May, 1846.

Dear Friend:—

. . . I, too, have a new plaything, the best I ever had—a wood lot. Last fall I bought a piece of more than forty acres on the border of a little lake, half a mile wide and more, called Walden Pond—a place to which my feet have for years been accustomed to bring me once or twice a week at all sea-

sons. My lot, to be sure, is on the farther side of the water, not so familiar to me as the nearer shore. Some of the wood is an old growth, but most of it has been cut off within twenty years and is growing thrifty. In these May days, when maples, poplars, oaks, birches, walnut and pine are in their spring glory, I go thither every afternoon and cut with my hatchet an Indian path through the thicket all along the bold shore, and open the finest pictures. My two little girls know the road now, though it is nearly two miles from my house, and find their way to the spring at the foot of a pine grove.

At a good distance in from the shore the land rises to a rocky head perhaps sixty feet above the water. Thereon I think to place a tent; perhaps it will have two stories and be a pretty tower, looking out to Monadnock and other New Hampshire mountains. There I hope to go with book and pen when good hours come. . . . What have we to do with old age? Our existence looks to me more than ever initial. We have come to see the ground and look up materials and tools. The men who have any positive quality are a flying advance party for reconnoitering. We shall yet have a right to work, as kings and competitors.

With ever affectionate remembrance to your wife,

Your friend,

R. W. EMERSON.

N. P. WILLIS TO THE UNKNOWN PURCHASER AND NEXT OCCUPANT OF GLENMARY

Sir:—

In selling you the dew and the sunshine ordained to fall hereafter on this bright spot of earth—the waters on their way to this sparkling brook—the tints mixed for the meadow, and the songs bidden to be sung in coming summers by the feathery builders in Glenmary, I know not whether to wonder more at the omnipotence of money, or at my own impertinent audacity toward Nature. How can you buy the right to exclude at will every other creature made in God's image from sitting by this brook, treading on that carpet of flowers, or lying listening to the birds in the shade of these glorious trees—how I can *sell* it to you, is a mystery not understood by the Indian, and dark, I must say, to me. . . .

First of all, sir, let me plead for the old trees of Glenmary! Ah! those friendly old trees! the college stands belted in with them, a thousand visible from the door, and of stems and branches worthy of the great valley of the Susquehannah. For how much music played without thanks am I indebted to those half-organs of changing tone? for how many whisperings of thought breathed like oracles into my ear? for how many new shapes of beauty molded in the leaves by the wind? for how much companionship, solace and welcome? Steadfast and constant is the countenance of such friends. God

be praised for their staid welcome and sweet fidelity! If I love them better than some things human, it is no fault of ambitiousness in trees. They stand where they did. . . . One may be glad of dumb friendships.

Spare those old trees, gentle sir.

N. P. WILLIS.

A PICTURE OF TENNYSON, FROM EDWARD FITZGERALD TO FANNY KEMBLE

WOODBRIDGE, Sept. 21, 1876.

Dear Mrs. Kemble:—

Have your American Woods begun to hang out their Purple and Gold yet? on this Day of Equinox. Some of ours begin to look rusty, after Summer Drought, but have not turned yellow yet. I was talking of this to a Heroine of mine who lives near here, but visits the Highlands of Scotland, which she loves better than Suffolk—and she said of those Highland Trees, "O, they give themselves no dying Airs, but turn Orange in a Day, and are swept off in a Whirlwind, and Winter is come." . . . And now—who should send in his card to me last week—but the old Poet [Tennyson] himself— he and his elder Son Hallam passing through Woodbridge from a Tour in Norfolk. "Dear old Fitz," ran the Card in Pencil, "We are passing thro'." I had not seen him for twenty years—he looked much the same, except for his fallen Locks: and what really surprised me

was, that we fell at once into the old Humor, as if we had only been parted twenty Days instead of so many years. . . . He stayed two Days, and we went over the same old ground of Debate, told some of the old Stories, and all was well. I suppose I may never see him again; and so I suppose we both thought as the Rail carried him off: and each returned to his ways as if scarcely diverted from them. . . . I liked Hallam much; unaffected, unpretending—no slang, none of Young England's nonchalance—speaking of his Father as "Papa" and tending him with great Care, Love, and Discretion. Mrs. A. T. is much out of health, and scarce leaves Home, I think. . . . Ever yours,

E. F. G.

3. Of Scenes

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR

VIENNA, Sept. 8, O. S. 1716.

I am now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna . . . We traveled by water from Ratisbon a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels that they very properly call wooden houses, having in them almost all the conveniences of a palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, etc. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with an incredible swiftness, so that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of

prospects; and within a few hours' space of time one has the different diversion of seeing a populous city adorned with magnificent palaces and the most romantic solitudes. . . . This town, which has the honor of being the emperor's residence, did not at all answer my idea of it. . . . The streets are very close, and so narrow one can not observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deserve observation, being truly magnificent, all built of fine white stone. . . . They are commonly a suite of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and furniture such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries,—they hang the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious large looking-glasses in silver frames, fine Japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies and window-curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold lace or embroidery, the whole made gay by pictures and vast jars of Japan china, and almost in every room large lusters of rock crystal. . . .

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO THE LADY ——

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I am now into a new world, where everything I see appears to me a change of scene . . . but I must not omit what I saw remarkable at Sophia, one of the most beautiful towns in the Turkish Empire, and famous for its hot baths. . . . I stopped here one day to see them. Desiring to go

incognito, I hired a Turkish coach. . . . In one of these covered wagons I went to the bagnio about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. . . . I was in my traveling habit, which is a riding dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that showed the least surprise or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know no European court where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to a stranger. . . . There were many amongst them as exactly proportioned as ever any goddess was drawn by the pencil of Guido or Titian.

SHELLEY TO T. L. PEACOCK

NAPLES, December 22, 1818.

My dear P:—

. . . Since last I wrote to you, I have seen the ruins of Rome, the Vatican, St. Peter's, and all the miracles of ancient and modern art contained in that majestic city. The impression of it exceeds anything I have ever experienced in my travels. . . . We visited the Forum and the ruins of the Colosseum every day. The Colosseum is unlike any work of human hands I ever saw before. It is of enormous height and circuit, and the arches, built of massive stones, are piled on one another, and jut into the blue air, shattered into the forms of overhanging rocks. It has been changed by time into the image of an amphitheater of rocky hills over-

grown by wild olive, the myrtle, and the fig-tree, and threaded by little paths, which wind among its ruined stairs and immeasurable galleries: the copse-wood overshadows you as you wander through its labyrinths, and the wild weeds of this climate of flowers bloom under your feet. The arena is covered with grass, and pierces like the skirts of a natural plain, the chasms of the broken arches around. But a small part of the exterior circumference remains—it is exquisitely light and beautiful and the effect of the perfection of its architecture, adorned with ranges of Corinthian pilasters, supporting a bold cornice is such as to diminish the effect of its greatness. The interior is all ruin. I can scarcely believe that when encrusted with Dorian marble and ornamented by columns of Egyptian granite, its effect could have been so sublime and so impressive as in its present state. It is open to the sky, and it was the clear and sunny weather of the end of November in this climate when we visited it day after day.

SHELLEY TO T. L. PEACOCK

(His Impressions of the Alps)

(Extract)

. . . From Servoz three leagues remain to Chamouni,—Mont Blanc was before us—the Alps, with their innumerable glaciers on high all round, closing in the complicated windings of the single

vale—forests inexpressibly beautiful, but majestic in their beauty—intermingled beech and pine, and oak, overshadowed our road, or receded, whilst lawns of such verdure as I have never seen before, occupied these openings, and gradually became darker in their recesses. Mont Blanc was before us, but it was covered with cloud; its base, furrowed with dreadful gaps, was seen above. Pinnacles of snow intolerably bright, part of the chain connected with Mont Blanc, shone through the clouds at intervals on high. I never knew—I never imagined—what mountains were before. The immensity of these aërial summits, excited, when they suddenly burst upon the sight, a sentiment of ecstatic wonder, not unallied to madness. And remember this was all one scene, it all pressed home to our regard and our imagination. Though it embraced a vast extent of space, the snowy pyramids which shot into the bright blue sky seemed to overhang our path; the ravine, clothed with gigantic pines, and black with its depth below, so deep that the very roaring of the untamable Arve, which rolled through it, could not be heard above—all was as much our own, as if we had been the creators of such impressions in the minds of others as now occupied our own. Nature was the poet, whose harmony held our spirit more breathless than that of the divinest. . . .

As we entered the valley of Chamouni, clouds hung upon the mountains at the distance perhaps of 6000 feet from the earth, but so as effectually to conceal, not only Mont Blanc, but the other *aiguilles*,

as they call them here, attached and subordinate to it. We were traveling along the valley, when suddenly we heard a sound as of the burst of smothered thunder rolling above; yet there was something in the sound, that told us it could not be thunder. Our guide hastily pointed out to us a part of the mountain opposite, from whence the sound came. It was an avalanche. We saw the smoke of its path among the rocks, and continued to hear at intervals the bursting of its fall. It fell on the bed of a torrent, which it displaced, and presently we saw its tawny-colored waters also spread themselves over the ravine, which was their couch.

4. Of Character

FROM DAVID STARR JORDAN, UPON AGASSIZ

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CAL.,
December 13, 1901.

Dear friends:—

In response to Miss ——'s request I take pleasure in giving a few recollections of mine of the great teacher Agassiz, which I have used elsewhere.

He was above all else a teacher. His work in America was that of a teacher of science,—of science in the broadest sense as the orderly arrangement of the results of all human experience. He would teach men to know, not simply to remember or to guess. He believed that men in all walks of life

would be more useful and more successful through the thorough development of the powers of observation and judgment. He believed that the sense of reality should be the central axis of human life. He would have the student trained through contact with real things, not merely exercised in the recollection of the book descriptions of things. "If you study Nature in books," he said, "when you go out of doors you can not find her."

The boundless enthusiasm which surrounded Agassiz like an atmosphere, and which sometimes gave the appearance of great achievement to the commonest things, was never lacking. He was always an optimist, and his strength lay largely in his realization of the value of the present moment. He was a living illustration of the aphorism of Thoreau, that "there is no hope for you unless the bit of sod under your feet is the sweetest in this world—in any world." The thing he had in hand was the thing worth doing, and the men about him were the men worth helping.

He was always picturesque in his words and his work. He delighted in the love and approbation of his students and his friends, and the influence of his personality sometimes gave his opinions weight beyond the value of the investigations on which they were based. With no other investigator have the work and the man been so identified as with Agassiz. No other of the great workers has been equally great as a teacher. His greatest work in science was his

influence on other men. He was a constant stimulus and inspiration.

Very truly yours,
DAVID STARR JORDAN.

GEORGE W. CURTIS TO JOHN J. PINKERTON

(Lincoln)

NORTH SHORE, RICHMOND CO., N. Y.
July 9, '61.

My dear Pinkerton:—

I have been long meaning to say how d'ye do, and now your note is most welcome.

I have two brothers at the war, and my wife has one. My neighbor and friend, Theodore Winthrop, died at Great Bethel, as he had lived. Many other warm friends are in arms and I hold myself ready when the call comes. I envy no other age. I believe with all my heart in the cause, and in Abe Lincoln. His message is the most truly American message ever delivered. Think upon what a millennial year we have fallen when the president of the United States declares officially that this government is founded upon the rights of man! Wonderfully acute, simple, sagacious, and of antique honesty! I can forgive the jokes and the big hands, and the inability to make bows. Some of us who doubted were wrong. This people is not rotten. What the young men dream, the old men shall see.

My wife sends her kind remembrance. We have a little girl, born on the day of the Proclamation.

Yours always,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

FROM THE REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES

(Lincoln)

CHICAGO, ILL., February 20, 1902.

My dear Friend:—

Last night I was at the University Congregational Church at a Washington-Lincoln memorial meeting. I thought of you and must ease my heart by telling you of the meeting. I spoke of the "sad humorist of the Sangamon." What a message there is to the young people of our day in that story. Lincoln, the debater, the orator, the great president, the most benignant commander, is becoming better and better known. Our children will know him better than we do, but the Lincoln of the backwoods, the child of the pioneer, the humble, lonely student, is passed away because his life is fading away. The boys and girls in modern school-houses, overwhelmed with the new education, can little realize how it was once possible for bare-footed children, crowded into log school-houses, sitting on puncheon benches, with faces to the wall, to revel in their stories of Demosthenes and Cicero, rejoice in bits of Greek and Latin

eloquence, court familiarity with the heroes and heroines of Shakespeare, dream of future culture and public usefulness; but such was possible to thousands upon thousands of children belonging to the pioneer life of the middle West in the forties and fifties.

In those days the pioneer was not the adventurer cresting the forward wave of emigration with drunkenness, gambling and profanity, as was the case with the settlements of our farther West when the settler was anticipated by the railroad and the saloon; but those emigrants were home-seekers; they did not seek to make fortunes, but to make a living. The Bible and hymn-book were their consolation and the groves were indeed their first temples. To this life did Lincoln belong, out of it did he come, and to it his genius was related. Just now my heart has warmed again to the "sad humorist of the Sangamon," in whom sadness was so allied to laughter.

Always cordially yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

XI. LETTERS IN CONNECTION WITH LITERATURE STUDY

1. Tennyson

HENRY VAN DYKE TO THE JUNIOR CLASS IN THE SHORTRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL AT INDIANAPOLIS

AVALON, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

My dear friends:—

Your very kind letters have been forwarded to me by Miss ——, and have interested me greatly. Your teacher evidently believes that English Literature is a living subject, and is not to be studied by "laboratory methods," but by vital methods. This seems to me the right way. Great authors are not algebraic symbols; they are real men. Great books are not chemical products to be analyzed: they are messages from life to life; they are reflections of the human heart; they are works of art, to be valued for the joy they give and the meaning they impart.

I am glad that you think and speak of Tennyson's characters as living persons, so that you have your favorites among them, and even have disputes and friendly quarrels about the comparative merits of your heroes and heroines. [I knew two schoolmates who had a regular fight about David Copperfield and Henry Esmond. We did not "fight to a finish," so it did us no harm; but I still think Esmond by far the finer character.]

Tennyson is rightly considered the most perfect artist among Nineteenth Century English Poets. But this is not merely because his verse is rich and musical: it is because his work is also true, even in the smallest details. You remember that beautiful bit in *Maud:*

"Her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy"?

If an American poet had written that about an American girl, it would have been sentimental nonsense. Why? Because the American daisy is all white and yellow. There is nothing rosy about it. But the English daisy is really pink on the under side of its petals. So when Maud crossed the field she really left her foot-prints marked in rose-color in the upturned flowers where she had trodden.

If you are going to write about anything, the first thing to do is to see it as it really is; then you may let your imagination illuminate it, and interpret the bare fact in

"The light that never was on sea or land,—
The consecration and the poet's dream."

It will not be possible to answer each of your letters separately; and to pick out one for a response, would hardly be fair to the other one hundred and twenty-four. But I would like to tell you all a little story about Tennyson, and leave you to say

whether you think it throws any light on his character.

When I was staying at his house in 1892, (a few weeks before the last illness,) he promised to write an autograph for his portrait for me. "What shall I write?" he asked. Thinking of his good life and his great fame, I suggested a line from the Wellington Ode:

"The path of duty is the way to glory."

He wrote it, and then turning over the sheet he said, "Now I will write what I prefer." This was his choice:

"Love took up the Harp of Life and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, past in music out of sight."

Will you give my sincere regards to your teacher, and my thanks to her for the pleasure she has given me? I think, if you are wise, you will give her also your own thanks for the work she has done to make your studies interesting and your interests studious.

I am glad if any of you like my books. They are all about the same subject,—the only one that seems to me worth writing about,—Life. And this is what I hope you all will have, (in the real sense,) and use it for the highest ends, and enjoy it for ever.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Jan. 25, 1902.

2. *Shakespeare*

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE TO A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL STUDYING "CORIOLANUS"

The Outlook, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

My dear Friend:—

Shakespeare's women are often adorable, sometimes detestable, occasionally terrible; but always consistent and significant. Even when they seem to lack individuality they heighten the individual quality of some other character. To understand Volumnia I think one must not only study of her bearing and words, but must look at the reflection of her character in the mind of her son. The key of a man's nature is sometiimes found in his influence upon others. Volumnia is not elaborately sketched; hers is not one of the highly finished portraits; she does not stand out as a sharply defined type of Roman motherhood. She has the Roman ideals of her son, she gives him the Roman pride, but she has a more complex nature. To her heroic spirit she unites a clear mind and a hold upon realities, which keep her pride in check and give it proportion. Her son has her pride but lacks her intellect and flings himself with blind obstinacy against the facts of his situation. She would urge his pride to the height of a great achievement, but when the height of its legitimate unfolding is reached she urges control, acceptance, recognition of other wills. In the su-

preme moment the son yields to the mother because temperamentally they are in perfect sympathy, while in intellect she is the stronger. He is a blind force, she is an intelligent power. She is as proud as he; she has "a brain that leads (her) use of anger to better vantage."

Yours sincerely,
HAMILTON W. MABIE.

April 20, 1902.

XII. LETTERS OF SYMPATHY

L. M. CHILD TO MRS. S. B. SHAW

WAYLAND, 1876.

Whittier, in one of his letters to me, expresses himself about your beloved Robert thus: "I know of nothing nobler or grander than the heroic self-sacrifice of young Colonel Shaw. The only regiment I ever looked upon during the war was the 54th, on its departure for the South. I shall never forget the scene. As he rode at the head of his troops, the very flower of grace and chivalry, he seemed to me beautiful and awful as an angel of God come down to lead the host of freedom to victory. I have longed to speak the emotions of that hour, but I dared not, lest I should indirectly give a new impulse to war. For his parents I feel that reverence which belongs to the highest manifestations of devotion to duty and forgetfulness of self, in view of the mighty in-

terests of humanity. There must be a noble pride in their great sorrow. I am sure they would not exchange their dead son for any living one."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO A MOTHER WHO HAD LOST FIVE SONS IN THE CIVIL WAR

Nov. 21 '64.

Mrs. Bixby, Boston.

Dear Madam:—

I have been shown in the files of the War department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I can not refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

XIII. LETTERS OF FAREWELL

G. W. CURTIS TO J. R. LOWELL, JUST APPOINTED MINISTER TO SPAIN

ASHFIELD, July 9, 1877.

My dear James:—

I must not let you go without a word of love and farewell, although I have meant to write you a letter. I told Charles that on every ground, except that you go away, I am delighted that you are going. With me the case is very different. I happen to be just in the position where I can be of infinitely greater service to the good old cause, and to the administration that is meaning and trying to advance it, than I could possibly be abroad. Nothing has done this administration more good, nor rejoiced so many hearts as your appointment. You will be blown on to your castles in Spain by a whirlwind of benedictions.

Affectionately yours,

G. W. C.

JOHN BROWN'S LAST LETTER TO HIS FAMILY

CHARLESTOWN PRISON, JEFFERSON CO., VA.,
November 30, 1859.

My Dear Beloved Wife, Sons and Daughters, Every One:—

As I now begin, probably what is the last letter I shall ever write to any of you, I conclude to write to all at the same time. . . . I am waiting the hour of my public murder with great composure of mind and cheerfulness; feeling the strong assurance that in no other possible way could I be used to so much advantage to the cause of God and humanity, and that nothing that either I or my family have sacrificed or suffered will be lost. The reflection that a wise and merciful as well as a just and holy God rules not only the affairs of this world but of all worlds, is a rock to set our feet upon under all circumstances. I have now no doubt but that our seeming disaster will ultimately result in a most glorious success. So, my dear shattered and broken family, be of good cheer, and believe and trust in God with all your heart and with all your soul; for He doeth all things well. . . . To God and the work of his grace I commend you all.

Your affectionate husband and father,

JOHN BROWN.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW'S GOOD-BY TO HIS FATHER, IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-ONE

STATEN ISLAND, April 18, 1861.

My Dear Father:—

When you get home you will hear why I am not here to receive you. Badly as I feel at going before you come, it seems the only way, unless I give it up altogether, which you could not wish any more than I. You shall hear from me as often as I possibly can write, if only a few words at a time. We go to-morrow afternoon, and hope to be in Washington the following day. I want very much to go; and with me, as with most of the others, the only hard part is leaving our friends. God bless you all, dear father. Excuse the shortness of this farewell note.

[ROBERT SHAW.]

XIV. SPECIAL LETTERS FOR ARBOR DAY

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, TO W. H. BENEDICT, ELMIRA, N. Y., FOR ARBOR DAY, MAY THIRD, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINE

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, April 17, 1889.

Dear Sir:—

I am very glad that you propose fitting observance of Arbor Day, which I think may be easily made one

of the most interesting of our holidays. There is probably not one of the pupils in your school who has not a fondness for pet animals, for horses, dogs, cats, squirrels, rabbits, and the charm lies largely in its life and its dependence upon its master. Arbor Day will enlarge this friendly relation, so as to include trees. They too are living and for their proper growth and development they will depend largely upon the care and intelligence of the boys and girls who are interested in them.

This interest will be fostered as in the care of the pet animals by the individual relation between the trees and those who plant them. It will be stimulated by the names to be given to the trees, and by the desire to honor distinguished men and women and by carefully tending the trees that bear their names. All this will gradually lead inevitably to special knowledge of the structure, character, growth and uses of trees, to enjoyment of the allusions to them in literature, and their association with historical events, like the Charter Oak in Hartford, and Sir Philip Sidney's oak at Penshurst, which was planted at his birth and which Ben Jonson and Edmund Waller commemorated, and the Abbot's oak, and William the Conqueror's oak at Windsor Park.

With this will come a keener interest in the significance of trees and plants in national usages, and in popular belief and proverbs, "There's rosemary, that's remembrance." To be clad in mourning was to wear the Willow. Old Fuller, the English worthy, calls the willow a sad tree, and the forsaken lover sang,

"All around my hat I wear a green willow." The Jews in captivity hung their harps upon the willows, and to describe a melancholy landscape Sir Walter Scott in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* sings of "along the wild and willowed shore." It was upon the Beech tree that lovers, long before America was discovered, carved the names of their sweethearts, and it was upon the tree of which Amiens sung that Shakespeare's Orlando hung his verses to Rosalind. It was the trees of Ardennes that wound their leaves over the soldiers marching to Waterloo, "Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves over the unreturning brave." Thus in every way trees are enwrought with literature as with art.

"The groves were God's first temples," and Gothic architecture reproduces the long drawn aisles and fretted vault of the pine forest.

As the student advances into Latin and Greek, he will find trees springing up all around him in the form of allusions to the chaplets, wreaths and crowns that were woven from their leaves, although they do not appear in the classic poets as figures of beauty in the landscape. The conscious enjoyment of natural beauty is a modern sentiment, but it is from the association of Greek and Roman usage that "bays" and "laurel" derive their modern significance. Apollo's tree, the bay, furnished the wreaths for Roman victors, at their triumphs. The Greeks crowned with laurel the victors in the Pythian game and with a wreath of wild olives the Olympic victor.

All such facts, familiar to school-boys, will acquire

a kind of interest which they never had before when those boys establish personal relation with trees and shrubs by planting them and giving them names. When they watch to see how Bryant and Longfellow are growing; whether Abraham Lincoln wants water, or Benjamin Franklin is drying up, whether Asa Gray puts out his leaves as early as last year, and whether Maria Mitchell and Abigail Adams and Dorothea Dix hold in their ample and embowering arms as many singing birds as usual, they will discover that a tree may be as interesting as the squirrel that skims along its trunk, or the thrush that calls from its leafy covert like a muezzin from a minaret.

It is pleasant to remember on Arbor day that Bryant, our oldest American poet and the father of our American literature, is especially the poet of trees.

He grew up among the solitary hills of western Massachusetts when the woods were his nursery and the trees his earliest comrades. The solemnity of the forest breathes through all his verse, and he had always, even in the city, a grave rustic air as of a man who heard the bubbling brooks and to whom the trees told their secrets. His poems will be so naturally read on Arbor Day that it will keep his memory green, and the poet of the trees will become the familiar friend of American boys and girls who, by tender nurture of the trees, will have learned to say with him:

"Nay, doubt we not that under the rough rind,
In the green veins of their growth of earth,

There dwells a nature that receives delight
From all the gentle processes of life,
And shrinks from loss of being."

Bryant liked to think himself as associated with trees, and modestly forecasts his name blended with trees and the fruit so precious to all us American girls and boys, or men or women!

"'Who planted this old apple tree?'
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them,
'A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple tree.'"

With every good wish for the boys and girls who will plant the trees, and for the trees which they will plant, I am Very truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

FROM DONALD G. MITCHELL

("Ik Marvel," an American Author)

EDGEWOOD, April 27, 1889.

My dear Sir:—

Your favor came duly and I feel very much honored by the association of my name—in even so slight a degree—with your proposed good work of tree-planting, and suppose that I owe the flattering attention of which you speak, to my often-declared allegiance to country pursuits, and a steady faith in the good that comes from every-day familiarity with the flowers and the trees and the sunshine.

I'm not sure but I love trees even better than books;—love them young and love them old; and those misshapen and of foul growth, I love to cut and burn (wishing I could do the same for many books I encounter).

Please commend me to your young bands of tree-lovers, and believe me, Yours very truly,

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

From *Arbor Day Manual.*

FROM JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

DEERFOOT FARM, SOUTHBOROUGH,
March 28, 1888.

Dear Sir:—

I can think of no more pleasant way of being remembered than by the planting of a tree. Like what-

ever things are perennially good, it will be growing while we are sleeping, and will survive us to make others happier. Birds will rest in it and fly thence with messages of good cheer. I should be glad to think that any word or deed of mine could be such a perennial presence of beauty, or show so benign a destiny. I beg you and your pupils to accept my hearty good wishes. Faithfully yours,

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

From *Arbor Day Manual.*

FRANCIS PARKMAN, AMERICAN HISTORIAN, TO W. H. BENEDICT

BOSTON, April 26th, 1889.

Dear Sir:—

I am much obliged to the pupils of the schools under your direction for their intention to dedicate a tree to me on Arbor Day. I could wish for no more pleasant form of commemoration, for a tree is the most charming of monuments.

I hope your Arbor Day will be a great success. We once had on this continent such a superfluity of trees that our forefathers almost learned to regard them as enemies, rather than as friends. If the present generation does not quickly learn to take a different view, the country will have cause to rue it. If the state and national governments do not preserve with care the forests about the sources of the great streams, including your admirable Adirondack country, the re-

gions watered by them will be the victims of alternate floods and droughts. It is not only that the beauty of the landscape will suffer, but many industrial interests will be sorely injured, and the more this is impressed on the minds of the rising generation, the better it will be for them and their successors.

Yours respectfully,

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

MRS. M. R. MOORE TO W. C. BRYANT

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 17th.

On a recent visit to the Mammoth Grove in this state, as I entered the forest proper of the so-called 'big trees,' my first feeling was one of awe, of worship, if you will, and involuntarily there rose in my mind these words: 'The groves were God's first temples;' and never did they seem so appropriate as when, standing in the midst of this patriarchal forest, the mind attempted to trace their history far back on the stream of Time. Three thousand years of life!

As we passed through the grove we saw that many trees bore names of which all Americans are proud—Webster, Clay, Everett, Starr King—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, our lamented Lincoln, if not as brethren; Richard Cobden and John Bright—statesmen, warriors, scholars, and men, whose names are household words. But, as I remarked that as yet no poet had been so honored, a feeling of joy rose in me that per-

haps the proud privilege might be mine of christening one of these magnificent growths. I made inquiries of the owner of the grove in regard to it, and was informed that all that was necessary was to send a marble tablet appropriately lettered, and it should be placed on the tree I might select. Accordingly, I selected the second tree at the right hand of the path very near the entrance of the grove, a very old tree, one of the largest, and one that has not only braved the storms of centuries, but which has felt the scourge of the savage fire. It is a splendid specimen of a green old age, still strong, still fresh, the birds yet singing in its lofty top, a fitting emblem of the poet of the forest, Bryant.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT TO MRS. M. R. MOORE, IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF A TREE NAMED FOR HIM IN MAMMOTH GROVE, CALIFORNIA— THE MAMMOTH "BRYANT" TREE

ROSLYN, August 30th, 1886.

My dear Madam:—

I thank you for the great honor you have done me in giving my name to one of the venerable trees in the Mammoth Grove of California. I hope the tree which you found vigorous and flourishing will be none the worse for it.

The portion of the bark which you were so kind to send me, as well as the cone and the seeds, reached

me safely through the kindness of Mr. Brown. The seeds shall be committed to the ground, in the hope that they will sprout in due season; the cone and the bark are placed among my curiosities.

I do not much wonder that, in naming these trees, political and military celebrities should be first thought of. The events of the last four years have kept the public attention fixed upon the actors in our political stage, and the gallant deeds of our commanders in war have, for the moment at least, thrown all other kinds of fame into the shade. That I should be the first of our poets whose name is inscribed on one of these giants of the forest is an honor which, I fear, if it had been left to the arbitration of public opinion instead of the partiality of an individual, would not have been awarded to me. Perhaps, however, the length of time during which, I have been before the public as an author—more than half a century—had its weight with you in connecting my name with one of the most remarkable productions of our country.

And really it is a most magnificent region that you inhabit; such a genial and charming climate, scenery amazingly beautiful, and vegetation of wonderful richness and vigor! In certain respects your climate resembles, in others surpasses, that of the same latitude of the Old World. May you find in that region, when your social relations shall have taken a permanent form, a nobler Europe, freer, more virtuous, and more happy.

Thanking you for the kind wishes expressed at the close of your letter, etc.

(WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.)

XV. FROM THE JOURNAL OF REV. WILLIAM EMERSON

(Written on April 19, 1775)

This morning between one and two o'clock we were alarmed by the ringing of the church bell, and, upon examination, found that the troops to the number of 800 had stolen their march from Boston in boats and barges from the bottom of the Common over to a point in Cambridge near to Inman's Farm, and were at Lexington Meeting House half an hour before sunrise, where they had fired upon a body of our men, and, as we afterward heard, had killed several. This intelligence was brought to us at first by Dr. Sam'l Prescott, who narrowly escaped the guard that were sent before on horses purposely to prevent all posts and messengers from giving us timely information. He, by the help of a very fleet horse crossing several walls and fences, arrived at Concord at the time above mentioned, when several posts were immediately dispatched, that, returning, confirmed the presence of the regular army at Lexington, and that they were on their way to Concord. Upon this a number of our Minute Men belonging to

this town, and Acton and Lincoln with several others that were in readiness, marched out to meet them.

While the alarm company were preparing to meet them in the town, Captain Minot, who commanded them, thought it proper to take possession of the hill above the Meeting House as the most advantageous situation. No sooner had we gained it than we were met by the company that were sent out to meet the troops, who informed us they were just upon us and that we must retreat, as their number was more than thribble to ours. We then retreated from the hill near Liberty Pole and took a new post back of the town upon a rising eminence, where we formed into two battalions and waited the arrival of the enemy. Scarcely had we formed before we saw the British troops at the distance of a quarter of a mile, glittering in arms, advancing toward us with the greatest celerity. Some were for making a stand notwithstanding the superiority of their numbers, but others more prudent thought best to retreat till our strength should be equal to the enemy by recruits from neighboring towns who were continually coming in to our assistance. Accordingly we retreated over the bridge, when the troops came into the town, set fire to several carriages for the artillery, destroyed sixty barrels of flour, rifled several houses, took possession of the Town House, destroyed 500 pounds of ball, set a guard of 100 men at the North Bridge and sent up a party to the house of Colonel Barrett, where they were in expectation of finding a quantity of warlike stores; but these were happily secured just before

the arrival by transfer into the woods and other by-places. In the meantime, the guard set by the enemy to secure the pass at the North Bridge were alarmed by the approach of our people, who had retreated, as mentioned before, and were now advancing with special orders not to fire upon the troops unless fired upon. These orders were so punctually observed that we received the fire of the enemy in three several and separate discharges of their pieces before it was returned by our commanding officer. The firing then soon became general for several minutes, in which skirmish two were killed on each side and several of the enemy wounded. It may here be observed, by the way, that we were the more careful to prevent beginning a rupture with the king's troops as we were then uncertain what had happened at Lexington, and knew not that they had begun the quarrel there by first firing upon our party and killing eight men upon the spot. The British troops soon quitted their post at the Bridge and retreated in great disorder and confusion to the main body who were soon upon the march to meet them. For half an hour the enemy, by their marches and countermarches discovered great fickleness and inconstancy of mind, sometimes advancing, sometimes returning to their former posts, till at length they quitted the town and retreated by the way they came. In the meantime a party of our men (150) took the back way through the great fields into the East Quarter and had placed themselves to advantage, lying in ambush behind walls, fences and buildings ready to fire upon the enemy on their retreat.

III.

ANNOTATED LIST OF LETTERS, JOURNALS AND AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

1. Letters and Journals.

ADAMS, J. AND MRS. ABIGAIL—Familiar Letters. 1774-82. Written during the Revolution by President John Adams and his wife. Valuable for insight into the social life of the United States of that time.

AGASSIZ, LOUIS—Life and Correspondence. A record of a broad-minded man. See letter to Emerson, Vol. II, page 619, and Emerson's reply to Agassiz, Vol. II, page 621. For expository letters, see letters to Darwin, Lyell, Dana, and others. Note his account of his college life at Heidelberg at the age of nineteen. See letters to his father on his decision to be a naturalist. (Argumentation.)

ALCOTT, LOUISA MAY—Life and Letters, by Mrs. Edna D. Cheney. These letters show the heroic struggle with poverty, made by a young girl. For some of Miss Alcott's hitherto unpublished letters, see *Ladies' Home Journal*, beginning September, 1901. There is a facsimile letter in the October number.

ALLSTON, WASHINGTON—Letters and Life, by J. B. Flagg. A glimpse into the life of one of the most eminent of early American artists.

AMIEL, HENRI FRÉDÉRIC—Journal; translated with introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward. "Not a volume of memoirs, but the confidences of a solitary thinker.

. . . Philosophy, science, letters, art,—he has penetrated the spirit of them all."—*Mrs. Humphry Ward.*

ANDERSEN, HANS—Story of My Life. His letters to young people have the same airy fancy and charm that his fairy tales have. See the one to a naughty boy, p. 427, and to Marie, p. 428.

ARBLAY, MME. FRANCES (BURNEY) D'—Diary and Letters with Notes, by W. C. Ward. "As a diarist Miss Burney is with Pepys and Evelyn, as a letter-writer with Walpole and Chesterfield. And unlike all these, except Horace, she is a novelist as well."—*George Saintsbury.*

ARNOLD, MATTHEW—Letters. 1848-1882. 2 vols. "His friendly, chatty, confidential letters combine the simplicity of a child with all the mental and imaginative resources of a scholar, a philosopher, and a man of the world."—*Herbert Paul.*

AUDUBON, JOHN JAMES—Audubon and His Journals, by M. R. Audubon, with Notes by Elliott Coues. This book is said to be an important addition to the historical and zoölogical literature of America.

BASHKIRTSEFF, MARIE—Journal of a young artist, remarkable for enthusiastic expression and realistic detail.

BISMARCK, OTTO EDW. LEOPOLD—Letters to his Wife, his Sister, and Others. See also his Love-Letters.

BOOTH, EDWIN—Letters, pp. 31-38. Letters to his daughter; they show the home life of an actor, and the tenderness of a father.

BRYANT, W. C.—Letters of Travel. Serious but entertaining; they illuminate geography. See ones upon Southern States. Letter XI, on the interior of South Carolina.

BROOKS, PHILLIPS—Letters of Travel. Those to Gertie in *A Year of Travel in Europe and India* make geography a living thing. See the ones written to Gertie from Kandy in Ceylon; to Gertie from Jey-

pore; his visit to Tennyson, and his picture of the streets of Cairo, and of Athens, and of Rome.

BROWN, THOS. EDW.—Letters; edited by S. T. Irwin. 2 vols. "A delightful book of letters, by a scholar, a humorist, a man full of noble qualities." See index to Vol. II for letters of comment upon writings of contemporary and ancient authors; upon the man's life and character; upon his walks and tours and studies. See pp. 145-147; see his comment on *The Talisman;* his pictures on his bedroom walls; letter to E. M. Oakley, p. 247, appendix.

BROWN, JOHN—Life and Letters, by Frank Sanborn. His letters show the man's religious zeal.

BROWNING, ROBERT AND MRS. ELIZABETH (BARRETT)—Letters, 1845-1846. 2 vols. "For solid value as a contribution to psychology, as a revelation of the inmost thoughts and impulses of two noble natures, for the wholesomeness of their display of simplicity, unselfishness and goodness of heart, interpreted in the finest literary medium, we do not, for the moment, recollect anything parallel to these letters of R. B. and E. B. B."—*Saturday Review.*

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT—Letters; edited by Frederic G. Kenyon. 2 vols. To read these letters is to live for the time with a sensitive, imaginative, brilliant woman; it is to share her appreciation of people and books and things and all the while to admire her vitality and grace of statement.

BURNS, ROBERT—Poems, Songs and Letters; edited by Alexander Smith. The letters in this volume contain all the moods of feeling found in Burns's poems; they are filled with love of nature, love of freedom, and love for his fellow beings.

BYRON, LORD—Letters. Byron's letters record his moods in a most remarkable way; they have in them an abandon that lends to them a great charm for many readers.

CARLYLE AND EMERSON—Correspondence. 2 vols. This correspondence pictures two great men clasping hands across the Atlantic: Carlyle on his lonely moor thundering at the abuses of his age; Emerson, in lonely Concord, waiting for the word of the spirit. Every letter in the book is interesting.

CARLYLE, JANE W.—Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh, by J. A. Froude. Vol. I, page 369. Letter to Nero, her dog—amusing. Her visit to Father Mathew, p. 163, shows her enthusiasm. To her uncle, p. 148; to T. Carlyle, pp. 158, 161, 197. Vol. II, page 154. All of Jane W. Carlyle's letters are fascinating and have a witchery about them. (Suitable for High School students.)

CARLYLE, T.—Early Letters. They give insight into the heart of the man in his home and in his early struggles. Like his other prose they have titanic force.

CHESTERFIELD, LORD—Letters to his son. Advice to young men upon the externals of life; directions as to how one should deport himself in society. They have been reprinted for the agreeable form in which they are expressed.

CHILD, LYDIA MARIA—Letters; edited by Whittier. A collection of most delightful letters written in a most graceful style. They give a fine picture of the anti-slavery movement. The letters about Col. Robert G. Shaw are of especial interest.

CICERO, M. T. (106 B. C.)—Letters (Trans.) "Cicero wrote letters before daybreak, and at meal-time, and while taking exercise, and on his journeys. Whole volumes of them have perished, but we have some eight hundred left, and they are among the most interesting remains of all antiquity."—*Library News-Letter.*

COWPER, WILLIAM—Letters. See pp. 36-37. On p. 38 a budget of home news more cheerful than many of Cowper's letters—even entertaining to young peo-

ple, giving an insight into the mind of one of England's most sensitive poets; read p. 43, pp. 65-66, on seeing the ocean. "For a combination of delightful qualities, Cowper's letters have no rivals."

CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM—By Edward Cary, in American Men of Letters. The letters of this book have the grace shown in *Prue and I*, and the earnestness of the civil service reformer. The following letters give an interesting view of the man: Letters to his father about *Nile Notes of a Howadji;* letters on pp. 84-85; pp. 86-89 show his humor; letters upon Civil War, pp. 130-155; letter of marriage congratulations, p. 166; the National Convention at Baltimore, p. 178; note to Lowell upon Harvard Commemoration Ode, p. 192; upon receipt of *The Cathedral* from Lowell, p. 211; to Lowell just appointed minister to Spain, p. 255; about his resignation as editor of *Harper's Weekly*, p. 275; letter on the presidential canvass of 1884, p. 289.

DARWIN, C.—Life and Letters. 2 vols. Vol. I, Darwin's letters from the Ship Beagle. A good book to interest pupils in science and to lead them to the book, *What Darwin Saw on the Ship Beagle.*

DE QUINCEY, THOMAS—Memorials; being letters and records; edited by Tapp. 2 vols. De Quincey's letters, like his essays, furnish examples of finished writing.

DICKENS, CHARLES—Letters. Show the man in his humor and in his business aspects. See letter to George Eliot herein given as typical of his insight and fine appreciation.

DICKINSON, EMILY—Letters. 1845-46. 2 vols. Her letters are full of exalted thought expressed in her own characteristic manner and energy.

DIX, DOROTHEA—Life, by Francis Tiffany. An account of an heroic life; her letter to Mr. Howe, p. 114, shows her power to carry a point.

DONNE, JOHN—Life and Letters; edited by Edmund Gosse. 2 vols. The letters of this famous Jacobean poet and metaphysician have still a quaint grace and charm, and were regarded in his own day as models of epistolary deportment. The elaborate letters of consolation to his mother, Vol. II, p. 88, and to Lady Kingsmell, Vol. II, p. 210, are characteristic.

ELIOT, GEORGE (Pseud.)—Life, by J. W. Cross. The letters in these volumes, like the writings of George Eliot, are full of valuable comment and philosophy; they tell her life history.

EMERSON, R. W.—For Mr. Emerson's best letters, see Cabot's biography; *Emerson in Concord*, by his son, Dr. Edward Emerson; and also a charming letter by Mrs. Emerson in Sanborn's *Familiar Letters of Thoreau;* and the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence. All of Emerson's letters have the lofty strain; and one feels with Mrs. Carlyle that he never ceases to be a "sky messenger."

EVELYN, JOHN—Diary and Correspondence (1641-1706). 4 vols. Valuable for historical information and for a picture of the social customs of the time. The court of Charles II is vividly described.

EWING, JULIANA HORATIO—Letters. See p. 124 for an interesting account of how she papered the room.

FARRAGUT, DAVID GLASGOW—Story of his life, by Loyall Farragut, from his letters and journal. An interesting story of an interesting life.

FITZGERALD, EDWARD—Letters. 2 vols. 1823-83. Very delightful letters of an English lover of literature, and full of reminiscences of the author's intercourse with the cultured circles of his time. The tone of the scholar pervades the entire collection. See letters to C. E. Norton.

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN—By Jared Sparks. 10 vols. The letters of Franklin in these volumes are mines of wealth; they show the broad-mindedness of the man

in his love for scientific investigation, for politics, and for questions of general culture.

GOETHE AND CARLYLE — Correspondence, edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Carlyle was twenty-nine years old and Goethe seventy-five. It was Carlyle's finest day-dream to see Goethe before he died, and this correspondence shows the ardent reverence of a younger for an older and a wiser man. Goethe writes out of the wisdom of his years upon the literature and thought of the nineteenth century. See Goethe to Carlyle, pp. 133-137; Carlyle to Goethe, pp. 152-159. German students will be interested in these letters. See also the correspondence between Schiller and Goethe.

GORDON, GEN. CHARLES GEORGE—The Story of, by A. E. Hake. Letters show the life of a man who suppressed the Tai-ping rebellion in China, and gave himself to the extermination of the slave trade in the Sudan.

GRAY, ASA—Letters. Valuable for giving insight into the busy life of a scientist.

GRAY, THOMAS—Letters; edited by D. C. Torey. 2 vols. "If Gray ceased to write poetry, let us be thankful that he continued to write letters. . . . They are mines of acute observation and sharp-edged criticism upon style. Cowper said, 'I once thought Swift's letters the best that could be written; but I like Gray's better.'"—*J. R. Lowell.*

GUÉRIN, MAURICE DE—Journal. (Trans.) With a biographical and literary memoir by Sainte-Beuve. A book showing a rare appreciation of nature; Matthew Arnold attributes to its author "a sense of what there is adorable and secret in nature." Some of the especially interesting passages from his journal are: P. 67, about Brittany and the snow; p. 68, of primroses; p. 76, for 28th of March; p. 91, for the 28th of April; pp. 92-93, 1st of May; p. 95,

gladness of nature; p. 105, the 14th of August; p. 117, for Dec. 8th, the ocean; see pp. 130-131, pp. 170-171, influence of nature. The journal of Eugénie de Guérin is a companion piece to that of Maurice.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL—Memories, by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. A volume containing a view of Hawthorne's inner life as man and husband. There are letters from Maria White, Curtis, Alcott and others.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL—Hawthorne and his Wife. 2 vols. See Vol. I, p. 329, about Una; bits from pp. 272-280, 326, show the depth of his feeling. A most exquisite picture of family life.

HERSCHEL, CAROLINE L.—Memoir and Correspondence. She shared the scientific work of her brother, Sir William Herschel, and their names are known together.

HOLLAND, J. G. To the Jones's—Under the surname "Jones" and a given name symbolic of certain types of character, Holland has found excuse to give advice upon money making and saving to Stephen Gerard Jones—upon musical education to Beethoven Jones, and upon painting, to Washington Allston Jones, etc. (Expository Prose.)

HOLMES, O. W.—Letter to School Children in Cincinnati in Riverside Literature. Series No. 666. Also, the Life of Holmes. There are fine letters from Holmes in the correspondence of John Lothrop Motley.

HOWELLS, WILLIAM D.—Letters Home. A story told by means of letters written from New York by a number of people who come there from different parts of the country. The life of the great metropolis is vividly pictured, and the character development reveals the author's usual acute observation.

HUGO, VICTOR—Letters. 2 vols. These letters are all fascinating and poetical. His letters to his children show how his fatherly love unbent him. See especially his letters to his little Didine, pp. 218-

219; 234-237, 242, Vol. I; letters to Toto, Vol. II, p. 17; good advice letters: to George Sand, Vol. II, p. 245; to workingman and poet, Vol. II, page 3; to the students in Paris, 1856, Vol. II, p. 144. He addresses them as "young and courageous fellow citizens"; to George Sand, Vol. II, p. 133, on the death of her child; and on p. 154, Vol. II, he writes to her on the murder of John Brown, and refers to the spectacle of "a free nation putting to death a liberator." In his letter to Heurtelou, of Haiti, he gives forth noble utterances. To Lamartine, Vol. II, p. 169, he says that "*Les Misérables* is simply a book with fraternity for its starting point, and progress for its goal."

HUXLEY, THOMAS—Life and Letters. 2 vols. See extract from his journal, telling of how he won his first medal, Vol. I, p. 18; letter to his sister, giving prospects of his voyage on the "Rattlesnake," Vol. I, p. 28; to his mother, Vol. I, p. 49, about his return, and his love for a little lassie whom he would like to call "wife"; page 69 is interesting.

IRVING, WASHINGTON—A compilation of letters written in graceful prose and giving sympathetic impressions of people and travels. Those under the title of Jonathan Oldstyle are entertaining.

JEFFERSON, THOMAS—Domestic Life, by Randolph. Through reading Jefferson's letters to his daughters Martha and Mary (Patsy and Polly), one gets a knowledge of the education of the children of a Virginia gentleman. His little girls were left motherless when the elder was about eleven years old. Mr. Jefferson, being appointed plenipotentiary to Europe, left them in care of their aunt. His letters to them and theirs to him, before they joined him, are full of interest. His letters to Washington, Lafayette, Jay and others give glints of the politics of the times.

JOHNSON, SAMUEL—Life, by James Boswell; edited by Birkbeck Hill. Conversations, journal and letters all included. "The more we study Johnson, the higher will be our esteem for the power of his mind, the width of his interests, the largeness of his knowledge, the freshness, fearlessness and strength of his judgments."—*Matthew Arnold.*

KEATS, JOHN—Letters. These letters serve as a key to the wealth and richness of Keats's nature. The letter to his sister Fanny, p. 146, is typical of this spirit. It gives an account of a trip and is interspersed with ballads about the naughty boy (himself) who would do nothing but scribble poetry:—

——— took
An inkstand
In his hand
And a pen
Big as ten
In the other
And away
He ran.
To the mountains
And fountains
And ghosts
And posts
And witches
And ditches, etc.

This letter, written in sections, ends with a most extravagant statement about his appetite, which called for clothes-baskets full of eggs, and other items in proportion.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES—Life and Letters. The record of a most remarkably earnest life. To know the letters in this volume is to know some of the best people and the best thought of England in the nineteenth century.

LAMB, CHARLES—Letters. The most rare collection of quaint fancy and delightful humor. Lamb's love for old books lends a charm to his pen whatever be his theme. Note especially his letters to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Southey, and mark the undivided love he bore his sister.

LAMB, MARY—By Anne Gilchrist. This volume contains letters fom Mary Lamb and from her brother to

their numerous correspondents. See especially the letters about their *Tales from Shakespeare*, pp. 154 to 168. Also her letters to Dorothy and William Wordsworth, to Mrs. Hazlitt, and her correspondence with Sara Stoddart.

LANG, A.—Letters to living and dead authors contain criticism given in conversational style.

LANIER, SIDNEY—Letters. The letters are in four groups: "A Poet's Musical Impressions," and "Letters Between Two Poets," Bayard Taylor and Sidney Lanier, are especially interesting. See letter, p. 67, on the springtime; on Wagner's music, p. 68; also pp. 69, 70, 71, 76, 77. On pp. 82-84 there is a most graphic account of his evening at Peabody Institute, Baltimore, pp. 105-106. Every letter in the first-named group above is instructive to any musically inclined person.

LARCOM, LUCY—Life and Letters. See page 165, to Jean Ingelow; p. 170, to Whittier. This book gives a true picture of New England girlhood, and one visits with old literary friends on its pages.

Letters for Arbor Day. Arbor Day Manual, edited and compiled by Charles R. Skinner. See pp. 373 to 387. Here are to be found letters from many noted people regarding the custom of tree-planting and in response to the honor conferred upon them by the naming of trees for them. There are also in this book, specimen arbor-day programs, and information upon the respective merits of trees.

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM—Complete Works. 2 vols. Letters and state papers, by Hay and Nicolay. The letters of Mr. Lincoln are not only full of noble sentiment at every point, but they sustain the matchless style of the Gettysburg address. These volumes should be familiar to all the young people of America.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY W.—Life; edited by S. Longfellow.

2 vols. His journals and letters justify Lowell's comparison of his life to a pure temple, in which no unclean thing ever entered.

LOWELL, J. R.—Letters. 2 vols. Full of delightful humor and a fine literary quality, revealing the man. All the older students should know his letters to Miss Cabot on reading, Vol. II, p. 39; his advice to his nephew, Charles Lowell, Vol. 1, p. 162; to Edward Davis, on the study of history, Vol. I, pp. 90-92. His letter on Maria White's presentation of the temperance banner is matchless. Also Vol. I, p. 195, to Miss Shaw, playful fancy. Vol. I, p. 240, experience in Germany; Vol. I, p. 265, change of home; they are all good.

MACAULAY, T. B.—Life and Letters, by G. O. Trevelyan. 2 vols. See letters to his little niece, Margaret, Vol. II, pp. 202-207. Baba's letter, September 15, 1842. Macaulay's letters have the grace of his easy style and lose none of his spontaneity.

MADISON, DOLLY—Memoirs and Letters. Letters that form a picture of political and fashionable life in the early part of the nineteenth century in the United States.

MARSHALL, JOHN—Life of Marshall, in American Statesmen series (p. 92). Letter to Judge Archibald Stuart.

MOLTKE, VON—Letters to Mother and Brother. (Trans.) The keenest observation of men, events and nature are revealed in these letters in a most realistic way. See picture of his home, p. 15; his life at Grüttenberg, p. 17; his impressions of the Bosphorus, p. 80; pictures of life in the east, pp. 82-85; impressions of London, p. 166; description of Berlin Museum, pp. 237-240.

MONTAGU, LADY MARY (PIERREPONT) WORTLEY—Lady Mary was a conspicuous member of English society from 1718 to 1739, and was a friend of Pope's, Sir

Horace Walpole's, and Lord Hervey's. She was a companion to her husband on his embassy to Turkey and her letters from there are sprightly and full of observations on people and things. See letter XXXVIII, p. 112, from Adrianople; to Pope, p. 133, from Belgrade Village, her best letter; from Vienna, p. 77; see p. 107 about vaccination which she speaks of bringing to England; the dedicatory letter to Lady Mary, by the editor, is full of suggestive hints about the contents and quality of the letters.

MORE, SIR THOMAS—Life; by R. H. Hutton. Sir Thomas More is rightly called the "Hero of Conscience." See his letter to his daughter, written in prison with a coal. See also his letter of rebuke to Oxford for its opposition to the study of Greek (found in Froude's *Life of Erasmus*).

MOTLEY, JOHN LOTHROP—Correspondence; edited by George William Curtis. 2 vols. A series of delightful letters, including the writer's experience in Russia, Holland, England and Austria, and his friendship with Bismarck and the notabilities of Europe. His correspondence with Holmes forms a most interesting group; his references to the Civil War show the deep feeling at that time. The reading of these volumes is a really delightful way to go abroad and make acquaintance with people and places in other lands.

MÜLLER, F. MAX—Life and Letters; edited by his wife. 3 vols. The letters were intended to bring the man rather than the scholar before the world; they reveal both.

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY—Letters and Correspondence, with a brief Autobiography; edited by Anne Mozley. The letters of Newman are valued for the light they throw on the Oxford movement as well as for the masterful, finished prose in which they are written.

OSBORNE, DOROTHY—Letters to Sir William Temple,

1652-54; edited by E. A. Perry. An old-time courtship, recorded from beginning to end in a series of letters written in a most agreeable and attractive style, in a time when ladies told their dreams and indulged in quaint fancies.

PASTON LETTERS; edited by James Gairdner. 3 vols. A series of letters written by members of the Paston family of county of Norfolk, England. The letters extend from 1424 to 1509, and give valuable fifteenth century history.

PATMORE, COVENTRY—Memoirs and Correspondence, by Basil Champneys. 2 vols. These letters are all interesting and reveal a familiarity with books and men which grew out of the experiences of the author and out of his position as assistant librarian in the British Museum for twenty-one years. The group of family letters in Vol. II is especially interesting. There are also letters from Tennyson, Rossetti, Morris, Emerson, Ruskin and others.

PEPYS, SAMUEL—Diary; edited by H. B. Wheatley. 9 vols. It is thought to be one of the most singular and entertaining journals in any language. It covers an interesting period from 1659 to 1669. Pepys was above all else an observer and a faithful recorder of men and things.

PLINY, "THE YOUNGER."—Letters. Pliny's letters are said to be more graphic than Cicero's. His most celebrated letter is the one to Trajan concerning the treatment of the Christians in the province of Bithynia, of which Pliny was governor. His account of the eruption of Vesuvius, 79 A. D., is of great interest to students. See also his letter to Tacitus, describing his offer to assist his townspeople in the establishment of a school for their youth.

ROBERTSON, F. W.—Life, Letters and Addresses. 1823-53. A man famous for his pure life, high thought and for his ministry in Trinity chapel, Brighton.

ROBINSON, HENRY CRABB—Diary, Reminiscences and Correspondence; edited by Thomas Sadler. 2 vols. His diary and letters contain reminiscences of some of the most notable men of the nineteenth century, and give a faithful picture of the social and literary life as well.

ROSSETTI, D. G.—Familiar Letters; Letters to William Allingham. Interesting for what they reveal of their author.

RUSKIN, JOHN—Hortus Inclusus. The letters to the ladies of the Thwaite, Coniston, form a record of a most beautiful friendship. All the letters to Susie, and the group from Susie to Mr. Ruskin are very interesting. Mr. Ruskin's letters to workingmen in *Fors Clavigera* contain valuable contributions to social science. The letter on the 14th of May, and his page about wrens, and the history of a blackbird in *Hortus Inclusus*, are all pleasing reading.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER—Familiar Letters. 2 vols. Vol. I, p. 36, about his dog Camp; p. 347, to his son Walter; home news; Vol. I, p. 232, tutoring his son Walter; pp. 247-248, to his daughter Sophia. A delightful collection of letters.

SÉVIGNÉ, MADAME DE—Letters. See letters from Brittany. "The queen of all letter-writers."—*Edward Fitzgerald.*

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE—Essays and Letters; edited by Ernest Rhys. The letters of Shelley are full of interest for their charm of description, and for touches given of Byron, Leigh Hunt, his wife and others in his little circle of friends on the shores of the Adriatic. They also picture Shelley as poet, and contain his opinions of his own poems, and of his state of mind when he wrote them.

STANTON, ELIZABETH CADY—Eighty Years and More; Reminiscences of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Some

interesting letters throwing light upon the leaders in the suffrage movement. See p. 217, letter from Lucretia Mott. Letter from Mrs. Stanton to the *New York Tribune*, p. 220; also pp. 310-311.

STERLING, JOHN—Life, by Thomas Carlyle. The letters in this volume show the rare qualities of a rare soul. See his letter to his little son from Ventnor, June, 1844, giving his memories of London; also his letters to Carlyle and to his wife.

STEVENSON, R. L.—Letters. 2 vols. See Vol. II, p. 149, letters to "Tomarcher" (Tom Archer), charming child's letter. More serious, pp. 183-187, to Mrs. Stevenson and Sidney Colvin, tell of the leper settlement. To Henry James, p. 253, a part of it. The *Vailima Letters* give a picture of the Samoan life and Stevenson's staving-off of death. See address at end of Vol. II, on the building of the road.

STOWE, MRS. HARRIET BEECHER—Life and Letters. Told mainly from her letters of later life. "In our gratitude to the statesmen and soldiers of that great day, let us not forget the part [taken] by this frail New England woman."—*Dial.*

SWIFT, JONATHAN—Letters and Journals; edited by Stanley Lane Poole. See also *Journal to Stella*, edited by George Aitkin. Swift's letters abound in allusions to people of all classes. His masterful use of satire, his power to hate intensely and love passionately, and his gift in the use of vigorous English, have given him a place of his own in literature.

SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON—A biography compiled from his papers and letters successfully put together into a consecutive narrative.

TENNYSON, ALFRED LORD—A Memoir, by his Son. 2 vols. The letters in these volumes form a commentary upon the thought of Tennyson and of the nineteenth century. They correct the earlier inadequate interpretations of the master's writings and set

forth Tennyson, the man, in his large catholicity of taste and judgment and equable temper of mind.

THAXTER, CELIA—Letters. Miss Thaxter writes most charmingly about the birds. Some of her interesting letters are: To My Darling Little Man, p. 17; to Whittier, p. 158 fol.; to Bradford Torrey, Appledore, Isle of Shoals off Portsmouth, May, 1890, p. 175, about birds; about Whittier, p. 185, to E. L. Wingate; about Jefferies, p. 192; to Olive Thorne Miller, p. 214 ff.; to Mary Cowden Clarke, p. 216 fol.; about her proud children, see poem at end of book.

THOREAU, H. D.—Letters. While written for adults, their humor, pungency, directness, insight and love of nature make these letters especially attractive to older boys and girls. See letters, p. 161, on going over the mountain; p. 134, moralizing on sugar making; p. 155, an account of a trip; p. 126, idealization of his life. These letters furnish specimens of a straightforward style.

TICKNOR, GEORGE—Life, Letters and Journals. 2 vols. "The pages of Mr. Ticknor's *Diary and Letters* are full of anecdotes, of descriptions of remarkable men and women, and unusual personal experiences, so well told as to form a contribution of no slight value to our knowledge of the life of the times."—*Nation.*

WALLACE, HENRY—Letters to a Farm Boy. Gives dignity to labor, shows the farm boy that nothing need hinder him from being educated, and suggests means on every hand for his development. Chapters VIII and XVIII are suggestive. The author may set too little store by books, but the letters are certainly helpful. (Examples of expository prose.)

WALPOLE, HORACE, EARL OF ORFORD—Letters. 2 vols. "It is as letter-writer that he attains his highest point.

. . . Byron did not over-praise them when he called them 'incomparable.' "—*Austin Dobson.*

WASHINGTON, GEORGE—The Writings of Washington; edited by Jared Sparks. Vol. VI contains many interesting letters to Lafayette, to the president of Congress, and to officers and statesmen in the Revolutionary War. Washington was a letter-writer possessing dignity, clearness and cordiality.

WHITE, GILBERT—The Natural History of Selborne. The book is all good; it contains letters, observations and a naturalist's calendar; also poems. His letters are reprinted in more editions than those of any other English worthy. (1720-1793.)

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF—Life and Letters. 2 vols. By S. T. Pickard. A book rich in facts, deep in feeling, and beautiful in simplicity.

WINSLOW, ANNA GREEN—Diary. A sprightly record of the daily life of a school-girl in provincial Boston. Filled with vivacious and witty description.

WINTHROP, J. AND MRS. M. T.—Some Old Puritan Love Letters. 1681-38. Letters by Governor Winthrop and his wife while she was waiting to join him in America.

WORDSWORTH, DOROTHY—Journals, by W. Knight. Full of delightful days; it "renews and deepens" one's knowledge of a most rare friendship between brother and sister in literary work.

2. *Autobiographies.*

EBERS, GEORGE—Story of My Life. 1893. His autobiography, which records his life to the completion of his first novel, gives a touching retrospect of his childhood and an account of his later education. There is also a description of the famous Keilhau school (founded by Froebel).

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN — Autobiography. Franklin is said to be the only man who was his own Boswell.

GIBBON, EDWARD—Autobiography. "All critics agree that Gibbon's autobiography is a model in its way."
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GRANT, GEN. ULYSSES S.—Personal Memoirs. 2 vols. "Grant's grandly simple record of his own life is a true classic." —*Theodore Roosevelt.*

HALE, EDWARD EVERETT—A New England Boyhood, and Sixty Years of My Life, contain the author's autobiography up to 1899.

HAMERTON, PHILIP GILBERT—An Autobiography. 1834-1858, and a memoir, by his wife. Writings that have helped to create an art atmosphere of his age have been left by Mr. Hamerton. His memoirs are told in a lively manner.

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RUSKIN, JOHN—Præterita; an autobiography told in Ruskin's frank truthfulness and charming style. Ruskin accounts for himself in a most convincing way.

STILLMAN, WILLIAM JAMES—Autobiography of a Journalist. The events incident to the life of a consul, ventures in journalism, and foreign correspondence, are all told in a captivating way.

WASHINGTON, BOOKER TALIAFERRO—Up From Slavery; an Autobiography. "Mr. Washington has had success that would turn the head of many a white man, but his own is right side up."—*Nation.*

PART II

PREFATORY NOTE

The general aim of Part II has been stated in the preface proper; but it may be well to suggest that the roll of the seasons and special occasions may demand a use of the chapters out of the consecutive order in which they have been placed for the sake of unity in arrangement.

The work from the students has not been changed except in the correction of spelling and of the most prominent errors in grammar. The vocabulary, the style, and the spirit of the writer has been carefully preserved throughout. Part II has been the direct outcome of school-room practice by numbers of teachers; this will account for the placing of the letters by Mr. Woodrow Wilson and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett in this part.

CHAPTER I

LETTER-WRITING IN CONNECTION WITH NATURE STUDY

I. AUTUMN

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye can not rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them from the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burs
Without a sound of warning.

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting.

. . . . . .

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

—*H. H.*

1. Things to be Observed in Autumn:

a. The signs of autumn on the trees.
b. The autumn tints everywhere.
c. The scents of autumn in field and wood.
d. The fruit and grain that belong to autumn.
e. The bursting of the ripened pods and the flying of the winged seeds.
f. The blueness of the sky, the golden sunshine, the length of day.
g. The preparation for winter made by man.
h. The preparation for winter made by animals. Note the bee storing honey; the caterpillar spinning his cocoon; the squirrel laying up nuts.

i. Note the departing birds.
j. Note the sluggish brook.

2. READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS IN PART I:

Consult the Bibliography and see the letters of Henry D. Thoreau and the journal of Gilbert White.

3. LETTER ASSIGNMENTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.,
October 14, 1902.

Dear Mr. Burroughs:—

I am at School No. ——. Our teacher is Miss ——. She told us that she knew of you when she was a little girl, and so I thought I should like to know you also. I am a little girl. I am eight years old.

This letter is a secret. No one in the building knows it but just our room.

So I am going to tell you about my caterpillar and its cocoon. I have a caterpillar in my desk. He is making his cocoon. He fastens it with the tiniest threads that he can make. First he takes a leaf; then he bites all of it away until he comes to the veins and then he spins his cocoon very neatly. He goes into it and closes it after him very tight. When he goes in his hair comes off. He fastens his hair into his house and then sleeps very soundly all winter. In spring the warm sunshine and the soft sweet spring rains come and wake him up.

Then he unfastens his door and comes out and he is a great fine butterfly. So this story is done.

Now Miss —— told us that you were a good, kind man and that you studied all kinds of insects and animals, so I wish that you would send us a letter and tell us all about the animals that run over your great farm.

Oh, I shall be so glad to get a letter from you.

There's another thing I want to tell you: Could you come out here once and see our beautiful school building? . . . O please do come and see our school and when I have your letter, I am going to give it to my Mamma and Papa. . . . Well, good-by. Send it soon. Your little friend,

R—— P——.

a. Write to R. P. such a letter as you think Mr. Burroughs might have written in answer to hers, and then find his answer in Part I.

b. Using R. P.'s letter as suggestion write to

your mother and tell her what you have been studying at school in the way of nature observation.

c. **The following letter was written by a High School student who endeavored to interest Mr. Burroughs in the outdoor life around Indianapolis:**

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Oct. 10, 1902.

Dear Mr. Burroughs:—

I have been hearing and thinking a great deal about you lately and in order to feel better acquainted I have decided to write you a short letter. Books say that you are fond of nature in its uncultivated form, so I know you love the woods, especially in this season of the year. I think the trees are more beautiful in the autumn than at any other time, and then, too, it is the nutting season. I wish that you would come here to live, for we High School students know so many fine places around Indianapolis to get nuts and see pretty woods, and you could go with us and tell us things about nature, which we can never get in Botany and Science books.

Just north of the city there is a splendid big wood and the fact that a high fence has to be climbed to get into it adds to it charm, at least to me, for I feel so much more "Indianish" and uncivilized than if I walked in through an open gateway. Here you can get both walnuts and hickory nuts, providing, of course, that you get there in time.

The main pleasure though is not in the nut-gathering, but in finding puff balls and odd leaves and in hearing the leaves rustle as you walk in them. On

the way out there you can find golden-rod and a pretty blue wild flower whose name I do not know. Last Saturday we found a mole burrowing in the ground out there and I think whenever I hear the expression "son of the soil" I shall always think of that mole.

Have you ever read Mrs. Browning's poem of *The Swan's Nest among the Reeds?* It is only a short poem about a little girl, who in all her high-flown day dreams of a knightly lover kept in mind the fact that she must show him the swan's nest among the reeds, which only she knew where to find. I think "Little Ellie," as she was called, was a true nature lover, don't you?

This is rather a long letter for a stranger to write, but I don't feel like a stranger, as in our English class we have talked so much about you. Besides, people who like the same things ought to know and like each other, which sounds like an axiom in Geometry. Please believe that in Indianapolis, you have a sincere friend in Yours truly,

B—— V——.

Using the above letter as suggestive, write to some friend and interest him in your outdoor surroundings.

d. Select some correspondent, and in your letters to that person make use of the following suggestions:

(i) The story of Proserpina.

(ii) Of a nutting-party that you had.

(iii) Of a thistle-down, or the milk-weed pods on your common.

(iv) Write to some one living in another zone and tell of the autumn where you live.

(v) Write an imaginary letter from some grandmother inviting her children or her grandchildren to the old home for Thanksgiving dinner. Make reference to the past in your letter.

(vi) Write a farewell to the departing birds.

(vii) Write the imaginary reflections of a Thanksgiving turkey.

(viii) Write letters to the principal of your building and name therein the tree that you wish to be planted for fall Arbor Day. (See letters on Arbor Day.) State the special merits of the tree that you select.

(ix) Write a letter in the name of the "Discontented Leaf." (See Henry Ward Beecher's story by that name.)

(x) Read Bryant's *Planting of the Apple-tree* and embody the ideas of the poem in a letter of "Reminiscences of My Early Life."

4. JOURNALS.

a. Keep a weather journal for October, noting the warmth, light, length of day, the clouds, the signs of the season, the woods, the nuts, trees, leaves, and grass, the brook, and the birds in their flight.

[In journals for all seasons, note, in addition to above, the temperature (heat

and cold), moisture and dryness, clear and cloudy weather, the appearance of the sky, the sunrise, sunset, stars, moon; the winds, their direction and what they bring; read the reports of the weather bureau and find out where the cold or hot wave comes from. Form conclusions from your observations, and discover relations between moisture and temperature, wind and cloud and mountain. Note the effect of the weather upon the world about us.]

b. Write the journal of a squirrel getting ready for winter.
c. Of a honey bee.
d. Of a grasshopper.
e. Of a Puritan maiden during the early times in New England.
f. Of Hiawatha's friendship with the animals.
g. Of an early settler at Thanksgiving time.
h. Of a student in Ichabod Crane's school.
i. Of an old Dutch housewife making ready for winter.

5. AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

a. Write the autobiography of a girl's straw hat.
b. Of a Thanksgiving turkey.
c. Of an old stump.
d. Of a lichen.
e. Of the Dandelion in Hiawatha.
f. Of an apple-seed.

g. Of the month of October.
h. Of a bit of pampas grass.

II. WINTER.

WINTER SONG

Summer joys are o'er;
Flow'rets bloom no more,
Wintry winds a-sweeping;
Through the snowdrifts peeping,
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumèd throng
Charms the woods with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering;
Merry snowbirds twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee,—
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snowstorms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

1. THINGS TO BE OBSERVED:
   a. Frost and the work it does.
   b. Snow: its formation, shape of its crystals.

c. Snowstorms; the earth after a snowstorm.
d. Formation of ice crystals—icebergs.
e. Sports in connection with frost, snow, and ice.
f. Fireside enjoyments in winter.
g. The earth as it appears in winter and the especial appearance of the bare trees and winter scenes.

2. READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS IN PART I:

3. LETTER ASSIGNMENTS.

My dear Mary:

That was an interesting little letter that you wrote me. Yes, I know Jack Frost; he has been here, too. I am going to tell you what happened early one morning. It was a very cold morning and I was just ready to go downstairs when I stepped to the window to look out; but I at once forgot what I was looking to see, for there before me was the window covered with pictures. There were mountains, and boats, and windmills and bridges; there were queer little houses and trees and a church with steeple so tall and so crooked that I thought it surely would fall. But what do you think I saw next? the most beautiful picture of all! a dainty little girl. I looked at her a long time; she had on a white hood and coat. "Good

morning," I said and stooped over to kiss her. But would you believe it? that very minute she was gone, frightened away by a kiss which I never dreamed would do any harm. I have been so sorry ever since, because I know she will never come back. Who do you suppose she was? She was Jack Frost's little child, and it was he that made the picture; but I can not tell you any more about it now. I shall write to you again soon and tell you of a snow scene we had last week. Give my love to all.

Your sincere cousin, EMILY.

a. After reading the above letter, write the one to which you think it might have been an answer. Also, write the letter that might have followed this one, describing the snow scene promised.

ALASKA.

My dear Clyde:—

Would you like to come visit us? You would have a fine time. I could take you riding on my sled made of walrus bones. My dogs go very fast over the sparkling snow. Our house is an odd looking mound of stone. It has two openings in it, a door and a window. We do not have a furnace as you have; but we are heated by a lamp which has a shallow plate. Mamma cooks the food on this plate. I know things must be different in your country. Will you write me a letter and tell me how you live? Come and see me. Your Alaska friend, SIPSU.

b. Answer the above letter, giving Sipsu as good a picture of your life as he has given you of his.

January 24, 1902.

Dear Friend:—

This morning I noticed the snowflakes coming down. They were fluffy and soft. Before some of them reached the ground they danced and whirled and fluttered about lazily, as if they were in no hurry to come down. Some of them came down zigzag. Some of them hovered in the air. They made me think of the leaves in autumn and the snowbirds in the winter. Have you ever watched the snowflakes coming down? Isn't it a pretty sight? To-night I am going to play snow-ball on the sidewalk in front of our house. I have a nice sled, too, and I am going to take Fred on it up the hill and let him slide down. I love winter for its fun. I hope you do, too. Please write soon to your devoted friend, A. J.

c. Answer the above letter.

d. Correspond with Gemila, the child of the desert, and in exchange for her account of her climate and surroundings tell her in separate letters the following points:

(i) How the snow looks and how it comes down.
(ii) How the earth looks when it is covered with snow.
(iii) What plays you have with the snow.
(iv) What ice is. How it looks.

(v) What plays you have on ice.
(vi) If it is true that you can make ice in summer.
(vii) What you enjoy most about snow and ice.
(viii) How you skate.

e. Tell her of Jack Frost:
(i) As painter, designer, and carver on the window panes.
(ii) As a player of pranks and a performer of feats.
(iii) As assistant in preparing the earth for sports.
(iv) As a useful agent in making the soil ready for the seeds.

f. Speak of:
(i) The breaking up of the ice periods as shown in the streets.
(ii) The miniature river systems and glacial forms seen in the streets after the frozen water has commenced to melt.
(iii) Note the power of the water to carry sand and earth.
(iv) The frost-foliage everywhere.
(v) The sounds peculiar to cold weather.
(vi) Cold-weather signs that can be detected by the eye.
(vii) The animal life visible.
(viii) The trees in winter.

g. (From *Saint Nicholas.*) Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling. Whoa! Prancer. Whoa! Dancer. Let me

drop this letter for Miss ——'s children into the box. Here's what I've said to them:

Dear Little Boys and Girls:—

So you are looking for me Xmas morning. I'll not disappoint you. Did I forget Picciola? Your eyes are as bright as hers, and you will not fail to find what I bring for you to love.

I'll ring the Xmas bells, too, that you may hear the song the angels sang of "Peace on Earth—Good Will to Men."

And now a "Merry, Merry Xmas to you all."

Your loving friend,

SAINT NICHOLAS.

4. JOURNALS.

a. A weather record of the winter months.

b. Write leaves from an imaginary journal of a raindrop, telling of:

(i) Its encounter with the heat, the cold, the wind;

(ii) Its sail in the clouds and what it saw;

(iii) Its fall to earth and what then became of it;

(iv) Its final meeting with another drop from another part of the country, giving its different experiences.

c. Imagine that you are visiting in the arctic regions and make journal entries of what impresses you most. (Get your ideas from the Geography and *The Seven Little Sisters.*)

5. AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

Write the autobiography of a lump of coal.
Of a Christmas tree.
Of some hibernating animal.

6. SUGGESTIVE READING.

Archibald—*Story of the Atmosphere.*
Buckley—*Fairyland of Science.* Two great Sculptors—water, ice.
Burroughs—*Signs and Seasons.* Snow storm, pp. 99-107.
Bryant—*The Snow Storm.* (See his Wind and Sea poems.)
Cheney—*Winter.*
Chambers—*The Story of the Weather.*
Emerson—*The Snow Storm.*
Harrington—*About the Weather.*
Longfellow—*Snow Flakes.*
Lovejoy—*Poetry of the Seasons.* (See Index to *Saint Nicholas.*)
Tyndall—*Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers.*
van Dyke—*Nature for Its Own Sake.*

III.—SPRING.

" . . . Earth is a wintry clod:
But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes
Over its breast to waken it, rare verdure
Buds tenderly upon rough banks, between

The withered tree roots and the cracks of frost,
Like a smile striving with a wrinkled face.
The grass grows bright, the boughs are swoln with blooms
Like chrysalids impatient for the air,
The shining dorrs are busy, beetles run
Along the furrows, ants make their ado;
Above, birds fly in merry flocks, the lark
Soars up and up, shivering for very joy;
Afar the ocean sleeps; white fishing gulls
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe
Of nested limpets; savage creatures seek
Their loves in wood and plain—and God renews
His ancient rapture. Thus he dwells in all,
From life's minute beginnings, up at last
To man—the consummation of this scheme
Of being, the completion of this sphere
Of life;—"

BROWNING; *Paracelsus.*

1. THINGS TO BE OBSERVED:
   - *a.* Signs of spring everywhere.
   - *b.* The return of the birds.
   - *c.* The passage of the wild geese.
   - *d.* The mounting of the sap.
   - *e.* The bursting of the buds.
   - *f.* The pussy-willows.
   - *g.* The blooming wild flowers.
   - *h.* The new-born (butterfly) moth.
   - *i.* The appearance of the hibernating animals from their winter quarters.

j. Birds nesting.
k. Seed-sowing in garden and farm.
l. Sugar-making.
m. Tree-planting (Arbor Day a fine time for the study of trees and their legends).
n. The new-born lambs.
o. The Easter thought everywhere in the return of light and the newly-awakened life.
p. The myths of Proserpina, of Freya, of Psyche.
q. The legends of the spring flowers.
r. The waters bursting their icy bounds.
s. The earth putting on her green covering.
t. The gladness of nature everywhere. The true joys of living (see Lowell's "And what is so rare as a day in June").

2. READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS IN PART I:

3. LETTER ASSIGNMENTS.

March 7, 1902.

Dear Bluebird:—

Good morning! Welcome back! We heard your happy note in the old maple-tree this morning. We looked out and saw that your feathers were as blue as they were last year and that you flitted about and chatted with your mate just as gaily as you did then.

Have you had a pleasant winter? Will you tell us something about it? Do build near our school! We will bring you crumbs and grain in return for your sweet songs.

YOUR LOVING FRIENDS IN ROOM E.

a. Answer the above letter for the Bluebird, and tell the students what they wished to hear about your winter South.

Dear friend Carrie:—

I am going to tell you my dream. I dreamed that my legs were changing and my hair was all coming out, and that my wings were coming out. I thought I was flying around the fields and the little boys and girls were chasing me. Then the spring mother called me, but I did not want to come. The wind began to blow and seemed to say, "Get up, Get up!" When I came out I saw that my dream was true. I will close. Yours truly, THE BUTTERFLY.

b. Use the above letter for a suggestion and write a wild flower's dream.

My dear little Elizabeth:—

So you have found your first butterfly, and it was all yellow! I am glad, dear. It is always good to find a yellow butterfly. People are so absurd! They think caterpillars turn into butterflies!

I'll tell you how it is. When a pure loving deed is done, with no thought of self, a butterfly is born. If one thinks of self a little, it makes a moth, of

course, and everybody knows selfish deeds make mosquitoes and flies.

One day, out by Fall Creek, I saw so many butterflies—little yellow ones—those are the kind things you do to children, you know—orange ones, beautiful red ones, lovely purple ones, bright blue ones, all busy and happy together. What fairies do for the poor garden flowers, butterflies do for all the free flowers of the fields. I liked to think how many kind people there must be in your part of town, and watched as I came home to see where they stopped, for you know these deed children come back often to bless their makers, and like to watch over them at night.

As the butterflies fluttered along together, one flew off one way and one another, and, Elizabeth, I saw one fly over to your house. It was a beautiful blue one, so I thought maybe it was something you did for Grandma. A good many came to that little house on the corner covered with honeysuckle and clematis and morning-glory vines. An old man and little boy sat close together on the doorstep. I asked him if he made all those butterflies. He said he was only a poor cobbler who could not do half as much as he wished for any one; that the butterflies loved his flowers and gave him great pleasure by coming. But after he went in the little boy told me that sometimes when he waked in the moonlight, he saw butterflies hovering around Grandpa's head, and Grandpa smiled in his sleep.

Your loving friend, ALICE CHAPIN.

c. Write a letter to Miss Chapin, thanking her for the beautiful story in the above letter. Tell her of a story of something else that you have heard.

SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE,
March 21, 1902.

My dear Children of the Grammar Schools:

One of your friends has written me that you have read my story of Sylvia and the little white heron and have liked it. You can not know how much pleasure this news gives me if I do not write and tell you, so I give you my best thanks, now, and my kindest wishes.

I should like very much to know what each one of you liked best in the story and what seemed to you the best part of it, and if you think Sylvia would always be glad because she had been the heron's friend? I am sure that you do think so, as the writer of the story did. You see that the best thing in the world is to be self-forgetful, and Sylvia was just that when she took care of the bird.

I wish that I knew whether you know the different kinds of birds that live near you, and how many you have learned to know by sight or by their songs, for even if you live in a large city like Indianapolis you must have many birds for neighbors. Some of you may have seen very strange and interesting birds, when you have been away from home, or have seen, what is still better, something very interesting about the birds that live in the trees that you know best.

Perhaps you will each write a letter to tell me! Believe me always,

Yours affectionately,

SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

d. Answer Miss Jewett's letter and tell her of the spring birds, what ones you know and when they usually come. Write a letter that will interest her in your surroundings. Mention the story of the *White Heron,* as she asks you to do.

e. Write an imaginary letter from the grass, in which it tells of the visits made it by the sun, the rain, and the winds. (For suggestion, read the poem: *The Voice of the Grass.*)

f. Write an invitation to the country to some town-lover. Picture country joys in such a way that he will wish to come.

g. Imagine that you are a wild fowl in passage, and write a letter to some one telling of your flight and what you see below you.

h. Write a letter to the person (if living) for whom you wish to name your tree on spring Arbor Day, and ask his permission to name the tree for him. Tell him why you selected the certain tree. (See fall Arbor Day.)

i. Write to a friend in the country and tell of the games played by a child in the city in springtime.

j. Tell the story of Psyche in a letter to some friend.

5. JOURNALS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER MONTHS.

a. Weather record. (See fall assignment.)

b. Notes upon birds nesting (giving detail).

c. Write leaves from a farmer boy's journal, during crop-planting, garden-making, sugar-making.

d. Note the dates upon which you see the first spring birds; see how many come to your vicinity; try to catch their calls and imitate them if you can.

e. Note the dates of the appearance of the different spring flowers. Keep the record for a permanent calendar. (See Thoreau's journal of spring in Massachusetts.)

f. Note the great events and the birthdays of great men that occur in the respective months.

g. Note all the signs of the season that you see in nature and in human life.

h. Write entries of a day's fishing, of a wild flower hunt, of going swimming, going boating.

i. Read Burns's poem on the field-mouse and give an imaginary leaf from its journal at plowing time.

6. SUGGESTIVE READING.

Adams—*Through the Year with the Poets.*

Bryant—*The Gladness of Nature, An Invitation to the Country, March, The Yellow Violet.*

Burroughs—*The Bluebird: Scribner's,* August, 1873.

Emerson—*The Rhodora, Mayday.*

Hunt—*In April.*

Larcom—*The Sister Months.*

Longfellow—*An April Day.*

Lowell—*The Dandelion,* and *What Is so Rare as a Day in June?*

Whittier—*First Flowers.*

Wordsworth—*To the Small Celandine, The Daffodils, The First Swallow.*

From *St. Nicholas—When the Apple Blossoms Stir, Waiting for May, Forward March, The Bluebird's Song, Waiting to Grow, Daffy Down Dilly, Ready for Duty.*

See *Wisconsin Free Library Commission* for Suggestions for Nature Study.

CHAPTER II

LETTERS CHARACTERIZED BY THE USE OF THE DIFFERENT DISCOURSE-FORMS

I. LETTERS IN WHICH THE USE OF THE NARRATIVE IS PROMINENT.

1. READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS IN PART I:

From:	Page
Hans Andersen	16
Lydia Maria Child	24
Charles Kingsley	26
Alice Chapin (Part II)	154
Sidney Lanier	17
John Burroughs	20

2. LETTER ASSIGNMENTS.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
November 8, 1902.

Dear Children:—

Are you really interested in my life? and do you really wish to hear my story so much? Well, I have not always been an Arm-Chair as I am now. I can remember when I was a tree near the blacksmith shop and my branches bent over it and covered it with its beautiful green leaves. The bees came among my leaves and made me happy and my blos-

soms filled the air with sweet fragrance. In the autumn when I had on my satin burs, the children used to call out, "Oh, the chestnuts are falling," and they would gather them and take them home, and the mother would say, "Where did you get the chestnuts?" and the children would answer, "Oh, the grand old tree gave them to us."

I never shall forget the smith when I was to be cut down. He wept very bitterly; but the school children of Cambridge paid some man to make me into an arm-chair, as you see me now, for the poet. I was given to him on his birthday, and old and white-haired as he was, he felt like a youth again. My life has been a very happy one and all because of the poet who sang of me when I was a young flourishing tree. Now good-by, I am glad that you asked me to tell you about myself.

Your friend,

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

a. After the manner of the above letter write to some one in the name of the Washington Elm at Cambridge.

b. Use the following data for stories that you tell to some particular person:

(i) Time: Early summer evening after a hard rain.

Place: Under a railroad bridge in Illinois, three miles from the nearest station.

Chief Personage: A boy of seventeen years.

Circumstances: The young man noticed that the rain had loosened a pier of the bridge.

Supply setting; fill out incident and invent an ending to suit yourself. Write to some friend of the event.

(ii) Time: Early evening.

Place: Front doorstep of a city.

Persons: A lady visitor and a telegraph messenger.

Circumstances: The boy returns to the lady a five-dollar gold piece which she through mistake had given him the day before, for a penny, in making the change.

c. Write the story:

Of the petrified Fern.

Of the horse in *The Bell of Atri.*

Of some family relic, as a clock, a chest, an old spoon.

Of the Poet's Arm-Chair.

d. Write from Fredericksburg in the time of Barbara Frietchie, and tell her story as if you had been an on-looker as she waved the flag out the window.

e. Reproduce as if a participant in the event, any one of the following selections:

(i) *Paul Revere's Ride.*

(ii) *Horatius at the Bridge.*
(iii) *Pheidippides* (by Browning).
(iv) *Echetlos* (by Browning).
(v) *Donald* (by Browning), also, *The Pied Piper.*
(vi) Hawthorne's (Stories from) *Twice Told Tales, The Wonder Book, Mosses from an Old Manse.*
(vii) Longfellow's *The Wreck of the Hesperus, The Legend Beautiful, Birds of Killingworth,* stories from *Hiawatha.*
(viii) See Beasley's stories from Rome; Baldwin's stories of Siegfried and of Roland; Southey's *The Inchcape Rock,* Kipling's *The Brushwood Boy*; stories from the Bible, from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey;* Warner's *Hunting of the Deer,* and Ernest Thompson Seton's stories.
(ix) Whittier's *Nauhaught the Deacon, Abraham Davenport, Conductor Bradley, The Witch's Daughter.*
(x) Wordsworth's *Heart Leap Well, We are Seven.*

II. LETTERS CHARACTERIZED BY THEIR DESCRIPTIVE QUALITY.

1. READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS IN PART I:

2. LETTER ASSIGNMENTS.

IN THE EASTERN SKY

Dear little children:—

Did you know that in the morning just before the sun is up, I rise from my feathery couch and place a silvery star in my forehead? Then I throw a robe of fiery clouds around my shoulders and start on my journey across the sky. Now it is a little lighter and I throw open wide the gates of dawn. Then in rolls the glistening chariot of the sun-god, and he begins to shout to his shining horses, and the light of them brightens up the dreary earth and makes everything happy. Then I go sailing through the soft blue air to be ready to greet the sun-god at eventide, when he drives into the western gates and softly goes to rest. Yours truly,

AURORA.

a. Imagine that you are Diana, and answer the above letter from Aurora. Describe your nightly sail in the sky and what you see.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 11, 1902.

My dear Mr. Steele:—

Do you remember Shakespeare's *Coriolanus?* I wonder if I could get you to paint for me a picture

of a woman in that play! The woman is Volumnia, famous in history as a Roman mother. It was she who said, "Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and none less dear than my own good Marcius, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action." Do you think you can paint the portrait of a woman capable of saying such words?

I have pictured her in my mind as tall and erect, strong and perfectly formed. Every feature in your picture should, I think, express action and energy, every curve and muscle strength and vitality. The head (for that is the most important of all) must be poised in such a way as to express the utmost dignity and pride. Do not paint the face of a Madonna. No, my Volumnia must bear the stamp of a hero; she was a patrician of the highest rank and her features must show their noble lineage. The hair must be dark gray and very abundant, falling over the shoulders. How can I describe the face? It must be neither too delicate nor too harsh and manly; but that of a strong, noble woman capable of the tenderest affection. The forehead is high and purely patrician, and the eyes are a beautiful gray, as clear and bright as an eagle's, capable of showing pride, anger and determination, and again capable of sending forth the light of love. The nose and mouth are typically Roman. You will paint her in the loose garment worn by the Roman matrons. It will be in oils, of course, and about two-thirds of life size.

Entrusting all other details to your own judgment,
I am most sincerely yours,
F. L.

b. Using the above letter for suggestion write to some artist ordering a picture of:

Some landscape.
Some historic scene.
An illustration of some sentiment.
Of some homestead.
Of some friend.

c. Describe in a letter to a friend the face of your father, of your mother, your own face as you see it in the glass, the face of your friend.

d. Write your parents a description of your schoolroom.

e. Write your teacher a description of your room.

f. Describe your feelings when you do good work; when your teacher looks pleased over your work.

g. Describe the finest horizon line in your landscape, or down a street.

III. LETTERS EXPLANATORY IN CHARACTER

LETTER ASSIGNMENTS.

At Home,
3 January, 1902.

Dear Helen:—

Have you had anything new at your school lately? We have. We are explaining maxims by applying them to life. I guessed five that were written up the other day; but nobody guessed mine. Can you guess it? Here it is. In Athens there was a young man, named Alcibiades, who was very rich. He was also very handsome, and was loved by the people of Athens. After he had won the confidence of the Athenians and had even succeeded in making plans for the capture of several cities in Sicily, he turned traitor, and showed the enemy how to upset the plans of the Athenians; so in his case. " . . . " What is the maxim that belongs in the blank space? Make me out a maxim to guess. Write soon. Write often to

Your devoted friend,
C. E.

a. Answer the above letter, granting the request of the writer, and substituting the name of some acquaintance instead of "C. E."

b. Use the following maxims for suggestions in writing out guesses for your school-mates.

(i) Make hay while the sun shines.

(ii) Birds of a feather flock together.
(iii) A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.
(iv) In union there is strength.
(v) Those who live in glass houses ought not to throw stones.

c. Write to some friend and give directions for: playing the games of marbles; of ball; of puss wants a corner; of hide and seek; of thimble.

d. Write to some one giving directions how to make garden, how to study.

e. Explain to some one younger than yourself the meaning of a word, or how to use the dictionary.

f. Write an account of a magazine article that you have read; of a book that you have read. (Give always name, publisher, author, or volume and page of magazine.)

IV. LETTERS EMPLOYING DISCUSSION

My dear Teacher:—

You ask me to write you a letter and tell you what I think about playing marbles for keeps. I do not think we ought to play marbles for keeps, because it is the same as gambling. You may put three marbles in and another boy three, and as luck will have it, the other boy gets all six of them. He is getting something for nothing. It may be all right

for the one who wins, but he is not getting them by toil and honesty.

Some boys think they have as much right to play marbles for keeps as they have to eat; but it is generally those who win. I think that when boys play marbles for keeps they are only getting ready for gambling when they become men.

Yours very truly,

L. M.

My dear Miss ——:—

I beg leave to differ with L. M. I think we should be allowed to play marbles for keeps. Some people think it is gambling and say it is all luck. I think it is not luck; it is skill in shooting. And as to getting something for nothing, it is not easy to bend over and shoot a marble straight. And if you are a shot good enough to hit when you shoot, I think it all right to take the other man's marbles. This is what I think. There may be two sides; but I am on the side of "keeps."

Your respectful pupil,

J. T.

Dec. 3, 1901.

Dear Karl:—

Karl, why do you want to play for fun? I like to play for keeps. I don't care if I do lose all my marbles. I will buy some more. When you play for fun that is a baby game. Keeps is a big boy's game.

Your schoolmate,

C. B.

a. Read the discussions in the above letters, weigh them, and detect the weak points in the reasoning. Which letter does not touch upon the question? Write out a real argument for the side that you are on, in a letter to your teacher. Try to get at the heart of the matter. Is there any other way to play for keeps besides in marbles?

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 21, 1902.

My dear Friend:—

Of course I could not say what the man said who convinced the people that it was wrong to kill the song birds. I know what I think about it. It seems to me the birds would look quite as pretty in the trees as they would on women's hats. I think it would be better to let the birds live, because then you could see their beautiful feathers and could also hear their lovely songs, while, if they are killed, their feathers can only be seen on women's hats. Then all the song is gone, and the feathers do not look half so nice on a hat as they do on the birds.

Your loving friend,

F. D.

b. F. D. was asked to tell in the above letter what he thought the speaker said in his plea for the life of the birds. Will you write to some mate and make a plea using other points than those given by F. D.?

816 N. New Jersey St.,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Dear Father:—

Your letter was a great disappointment to me, for I thought that you would consider the profession I had chosen one that was particularly well suited for me; but instead you offer the strongest objections. You say that you are surprised that I should choose a profession which is so overcrowded and one in which it is almost impossible for a young inexperienced physician to gain a good practice. I can but think that the world will always recognize a man or woman who, by his ability, shows that he is deserving of recognition. It is only in recent years that women have taken up the study of medicine, and, therefore, the field for lady doctors can not be overcrowded.

You tell me that there are many occupations which are better suited for a woman than that of a doctor. It seems to me that a woman is admirably suited for that profession if she has a cheerful, willing disposition and if she be careful and confident of herself. A woman can enter into almost any occupation without losing any of her womanliness. It is the woman that makes an occupation suitable for her and not the occupation that mars her character.

I can not agree with you that there is no need of lady doctors. I had occasion recently to speak to Dr. —— about this very subject. I asked him if he could give any reason why a woman should not be a doctor; he said, "I can not, but I can give you many

reasons why there should be women physicians." He said, also, that there was an increasing demand for lady doctors. It has been found that they are very successful in treating women and children. And again, a woman has an opportunity of choosing any branch of this profession and specializing on that. Father, I hope you will reconsider your decision and examine this question from every side. With much love, I am, as ever, Your daughter,

S——.

c. Using the above letter for suggestion, write to some friend who is interested in your future career, from any one of the following situations, proving the wisdom of your choice of a life-work.

(i) A professional career, as lawyer, as doctor, as preacher.

(ii) The life of a sailor, a miner, a missionary, an actress.

(iii) The life of a farmer, or a dairyman.

(iv) A rich young person wishes to be self-supporting. Give his arguments in an imaginary letter to his father.

d. Exchange letters with your mates and discuss therein any of the following questions:

(i) Examinations should be abolished.

(ii) All students should have hand-work.

(iii) Foot-ball is a game not suited to the graded schools.

(iv) The curfew is not a benefit in the enforcement of law and order.

(v) The English sparrows in our cities should be killed.

(vi) It is right (or wrong) to inform on a schoolmate.

(vii) Congress should make an attempt upon the life of our chief executive an act of high treason.

(viii) Only "Union men" should be employed in labor.

(ix) Make an appeal to a workingmen's club in favor of education.

(x) Write a letter to girls in the name of the Audubon society, against wearing birds on hats. (See Firth's *Voices of the Speechless, The Winged Hat, The Halo,* pp. 227, 228.)

(xi) Write an appeal in behalf of some historic object about to be destroyed.

V. LETTERS IN WHICH VARIETY OF EXPRESSION IS SECURED WITH REFERENCE TO THE SAME SUBJECT

1

(Narration)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Oct. 29, 1903.

Dear William:—

I heard a very beautiful story of friendship to-day. It was the story of Damon and Pythias.

Dionysius was tyrant and the king of Syracuse. There were many plotters against his life, and among them Pythias, who was caught and tried, and condemned to die.

He wished to see his little son and beautiful wife and arrange his affairs; his friend Damon offered to stay in the place of Pythias, and if Pythias did not come back on a certain time limit Damon would die in his place.

Pythias encountered many misfortunes on his way to and from his home. Damon had his head on the executioner's block when Pythias rushed in, and Damon's life was saved.

Dionysius was so astonished at such friendship that he pardoned Pythias and begged to be admitted into their friendship, and Damon and Pythias were firm friends after this, and Dionysius was never again tyrannical.

Yours truly,

R. M.

2

(Description)

Dear William:—

I will continue my series of letters.

When Pythias was captured he was brought into the court by two guards with short, heavy broadswords and heavy armor.

Dionysius sat upon his high throne, and the prosecutor sat beside a clerk or scribe, busily writing.

The prosecutor said, "Is the cause known to you for which you are to be tried?"

Pythias answered him not. He again spoke, saying, "You are arrested on the charge of treason against his Majesty, Dionysius the First, of Syracuse. It would hardly be thought that one who was favored by his Majesty should want to rob the people of the sovereign they loved so well." A hiss goes up from the people on the outside hearing this, and Dionysius frowns. The prosecutor resumes his speech and says, "If you will give up the names of your fellow conspirators, your sentence will be spared." Pythias frowns and says, "No, I will not." The prosecutor says to Dionysius, "He will not disclose the names of the conspirators," and to Pythias he says, after Dionysius has nodded, "You are condemned to die. If at any time from now till to-morrow, the time of execution, you will disclose the names of the other conspirators, your life will be spared."

Pythias is led to his cell, and the clerks carefully put away the writing materials.

I shall have to close. Yours,

G. R. M.

3

(Monologue)

Dear William:—

I will again take up my pen, which is in very bad condition, to write you what Pythias said after he was condemned. When Pythias had been taken to his dungeon in chains, he was heard to say, "The tyrant will die. If I do not accomplish my duty the others will. I die willingly, but oh! how will my wife feel. When I think of her all alone and think of the tears rolling down her face—oh! I can not think of it. It is awful to think of my little son's having a stigma on his name and my home confiscated for the state. It would be well if it only concerned me. Oh! I must see them. I'll call the guard. Guards, go tell Dionysius that I wish an audience with him. I must see my family and bid good-by to my home for ever."

I must close, for my time is nearly gone.

Yours truly,

G. R.

4

(Dialogue)

Dear William:—

When Pythias and Damon had walked to a little bower Pythias said, "I would have come sooner but

my horse stumbled, and after alighting he raised himself up, and I drove with all my strength and arrived home about the midday. I arranged my affairs, bade farewell to my family and found my horse dead. My slave had killed it, and I rushed with all strength and power here, and when on the outside of the court I saw your body, for in excitement I did not see that your head was still on your shoulders, I thought it had happened and, grabbing a sword from one of the soldiers, I rushed at Dionysius, but before I had reached the throne I saw that you were alive and so did not go any farther, but took your place on the block."

Damon said, "I would gladly have given my life for you and would have died with a smile on my face, but I knew it was from some mishap that you were not there. It is a wonder that Dionysius pardoned you. But I must now hasten home, for my mother is anxious about me."

I must close, for the time is almost here.

Yours truly,

R. M.

a. Using the four letters preceding for suggestion, treat any one of the following stories in the same way:

Horatius at the Bridge.

Marcus Curtius leaping in the Gulf of the Forum.

William Tell.

The visit of Cyrus to the court of his grandfather.
Sergeant Jasper at Sullivan Island.
Arnold von Winkelried.
Stories from the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and from mythology.

1.

Dear Friend:—

I will tell you a little story. The young Persian prince named Cyrus was taught as other boys were in the custom of his time and country. He was only a little boy when he learned to eat cresses and bread and water. When Cyrus was twelve years old he was taken to see his grandfather, whose name was Astyages.

There was a great deal of splendor in his grandfather's palace, and Cyrus was not at all surprised. Once when a great feast was given, he took the place of cup-bearer and put the white napkin on his shoulder and carried the tray on three fingers to his grandfather quite properly, but he forgot one little ceremony of which his grandfather told him, saying:

"It is the custom for the cup-bearer to taste the wine before it is given to the king, to see if it has been drugged or poisoned." Cyrus said gravely, "When my father is thirsty he drinks, and his thirst is quenched."

Dear Helen, I thought perhaps you would like this, so I told you. We are all well and I hope you are, too. Yours truly, M—— R——.

2.

My dear Son:—

I am writing to you to tell you that your wife and son arrived safely, and how impressed I am with your son. When I first saw him, I was pleased with his comely appearance. After hearing him talk I was still more pleased because of the wise remarks he made.

I gave a banquet in his honor, and he told me that the Persians could get enough to eat for one meal with a great deal less trouble. After hearing this I gave him the food to give to my officers. He gave some to all, but the cup-bearer, who had offended him by not allowing him to have audience with me every time he wished to. I expressed sorrow at his not giving the cup-bearer some of the food, because he had served me so well. Cyrus says, "I will serve you as well as he." So he put a napkin on his shoulder, and carried the cup with such grace to me, that I was very much pleased. ASTYAGES.

b. Using the story of Cyrus as a basis:

(i) Answer in the name of Astyages.

(ii) Let Cyrus write home to his father.

(iii) Let Cyrus write to his grandfather after his return home, thanking his grandfather for the courtesy shown him at court.

c. In connection with reading of the Trial of Socrates:

(Place of writing, Athens, in the time of Socrates.)

1st letter. An account of Socrates as he was known by his friends.

2d letter. Socrates as known by his enemies.

3d letter. Picture the scene of the trial of Socrates.

4th letter. Give an account of the arguments made by Socrates in his own defense.

5th letter. Tell of the conversation between Socrates and the friends who visit him in the prison.

6th letter. After all is over, your reflections upon the life, belief and influence of Socrates.

See Grote's *History of Greece*, Chap. LXVIII, Vol. VIII; Lord's *Beacon Lights of History*, pp. 208-214; Curtius's *History of Greece*, Vol. V. See index to points in Larned's *History* for ready reference and topical reading; *World's Best Literature*, Vol. XXIII; Jowett's Translation of Plato—*The Apology*, *The Crito*, Xenophon's *Memorabilia*.

CHAPTER III

LETTERS DEALING WITH SOCIAL RELATIONS

I. INVITATIONAL LETTERS

1. READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS IN PART I:

2. LETTER ASSIGNMENTS.

AT SCHOOL, February 21, 1902.

Dear Mary:

I thank you for your note asking me to come over to see you. It makes no difference whether you were at my house last or I was at yours. I shall be glad to come. You need not have taken the trouble to say we should have a good time. We always have a good time when we're together.

I generally get one hundred in arithmetic but seldom in spelling. Good-by till I come.

Your loving friend,

BEATRICE.

a. After reading the above note carefully, write such a note of invitation to Beatrice as you think drew forth this reply from her.

AT SCHOOL, December 12, 1902.

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley:

Dear Mr. Riley:—Being a constant and delighted reader of your poems, I consider it a great privilege to write to you.

I am a member of Shortridge High School, and we would be greatly pleased if you would visit us. We feel that it would be a great inspiration to have our *own* Hoosier poet speak to us, or better still, to hear him recite his poems.

If there is one of your poems I like better than another, it is *Knee Deep in June.*

"Month a man kin railly love—
June, you know, I'm talking of."

In some way it fascinates me, and I never stop with one reading. Another poem I admire so much is *Griggsby Station.*

"Let's go a visitin' back to Griggsby's station—
Back where the latch-string's a-hangin' from the door,
And ever' neighbor round the place is dear as a relation—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore."

It is so true to life, for I know by experience.

Mr. Riley, I wish you a merry Christmas and hope you will visit Shortridge soon. I am

Yours cordially,

———.

b. Change the above to a formal invitation, omitting unnecessary detail. (Let it be in the third person.)

c. Write a note asking some prominent citizen to visit your school.

d. Write a note inviting your teacher to spend the evening with you.

e. Write a note to the superintendent of the schools, asking him to the exercises at your school. Tell him what you are to have.

f. Write a formal note of invitation to a stranger visiting your neighborhood, inviting her to see you at a stated time (a formal invitation is written in the third person and omits greetings and words of affection).

g. Write a letter to a pupil in a school in some other part of the city; ask him to visit your school, and tell him of the interesting things to be seen there.

h. Write a letter to your mother, asking her to visit your school.

i. Write a note of acceptance to an invitation to go to a picnic.

j. Write a note of regret, declining to spend the night away from home.

k. Write a letter asking a classmate who has stopped school to come back to school.

l. Write a note of invitation to a friend to visit the country.

m. Write to a friend in the country who desires to visit the city.

II. LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND SYMPATHY

1. READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS IN PART I:

2. Letter assignments.

(Letter of Thanks)

School No. 14,
January 20, 1903.

My Dear Miss ——:

Our teacher asked us the other day which picture in our room we liked the best. We all liked the one with the baby Jesus and his mother. Miss —— said that a lady who loved little children lent it to her and that we might write and thank her. Miss —— loves you and we love you, too; she said that she intended sending you the best letter. I hope mine will be the best, so that I can send it, and I wish that you would answer it.

Your loving friend,

——.

a. Using the above letter as a suggestion, write a note of thanks to some one who has visited your school and spoken to you upon the birds or some interesting topic, or extended some courtesy to you.

b. Acknowledge the receipt of books, a picture, or some gift from a friend.

c. Write a letter to a friend whom you have visited, mentioning your enjoyment of your visit and of the courtesy received.

d. Make acknowledgments to some literary person of the pleasure that you have received from his writings.

e. Thank some friend for the inspiration that you have received from him.

(Letter of Sympathy)

AT SCHOOL,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., February 24, 1902.

Dear Count Tolstoy:

Yesterday morning our teacher was reading to us your story, *The Long Exile,* and it reminded me of your long exile in the sick room, away from the work and the people that you love. I know how lonely and cheerless it is, for I have lately recovered from a long illness myself; but I also know what a great value friendship is to one at this time. Flowers, little notes, or messages of love poured in upon me, and how grateful I was to friends who did not forget me in the midst of their duties and pleasures.

Shall I send flowers? Alas, I am but an American girl living thousands of miles away from you, and the blossoms would die long before they reached you. But a note can be sent, and it will tell you how anxiously we look at the papers each day to see whether you are recovering, and how heartily we wish for your return to health and strength. Stories that tell of simple, honest people, who realize that God is "What Men Live By," and who in this belief, overcome temptations and do good to their neighbors, can not fail to help those who read them, and for this reason, if for no other, we should wish you to live, that the world may have more of those stories which

lift men up and create thoughts too deep for words. Among the many of your readers will always be your sincere admirer, R. M.

f. Write to R. M. in the name of Count Tolstoy and thank her for her sympathy.

g. Write a note of sympathy and cheer to a schoolmate who is unavoidably out of school.

h. Write to a friend who has met some loss or has had some accident.

i. Write a letter to some person who has at some time given you aid or inspiration.

III. LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

1. LETTER ASSIGNMENTS.

(*The Vicar of Wakefield.*)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March 19, 1902.

My Dear Dr. Goldsmith:

Many thanks for the pleasure which you prepared for us when you wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield.* Our America is different from England at the time of your story, with no debtors' prison, no taverns such as those which your characters patronized, and not nearly enough men like Dr. Primrose; but we can appreciate your humor and the vivid pictures of family life.

Anything I could say about the Vicar would probably sound foolish to you, who, having created him,

know a hundred times more about him than I. But I wonder what you consider his greatest achievement. Of course, his cheerfulness and strength in the bitterest adversity were admirable, and his simplicity and kindness at all times were lovable; but to me the greatest thing he did was to win the respect and love of his fellow prisoners by publicly trying to reform them. It would be exceedingly hard to find another man who would, in the first place, undertake a thing so dangerous to his dignity, and who would persevere in his plan when it met with such decisive ridicule. He showed that he was not to be terrified by a fear which makes cowards of nearly all of us in these days—the fear of being laughed at.

One of the touches which make the Vicar dearer and more real to me is his simple shrewdness in upsetting the face-wash and in his deciding to work himself into a passion after he was deceived by Jenkinson.

People say, Dr. Goldsmith, that you live no more in this world. They are mistaken. You have immortal life here in Dr. Primrose, who amuses and helps more persons than many another more pretentious character. Through him you live in many lives.

Your respectful and sincere admirer,

L. M.

a. The above letter is written after the manner of Andrew Lang's *Letters to Dead Authors.* Read of other authors in this book, and write to some one that you have studied.

SHORTRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., December 10.

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, Indianapolis, Indiana:

Dear Mr. Riley:—We Hoosier people feel that you belong to us more than to any one else, and as you are ours we have the privilege of writing to you when and of what we will. I have often seen you on the streets of Indianapolis, but at the time you were unconscious of being stared after. Perhaps you were thinking of another story like the *Boss Girl.*

Do you know, I like your prose stories much better than your poems. I hope this won't shock you, as it has other people to whom I have mentioned it. *The Boss Girl* and *A Christmas Carol,* by Dickens, are the best Christmas stories I have ever read. I can snuggle up in a comfortable chair before a nice fire with either of them and be perfectly happy. I like the *Boy from Zenni* and *Mary Alice Smith,* too, but the fact is, I think all your short stories are splendid. *The Boss Girl,* however, is my favorite. I often wonder if you really did meet that little newsboy and go with him to his home. If you did, I envy you. Although I am not of a very emotional disposition, I cried harder at the death of "Sis" than I have for acquaintances in real life. She and "Jamsy" seemed so real to me that I loved them both.

Then if I could talk with you I would ask if you really ever knew a "little Mary Alice Smith," and if there was any truth in the story, *A Boy from Zenni.* I often see people that would make fine characters for books and wish I could write about

them. And every day I see people who seem to have stepped right out of some books I have read. Why there are modern Micawbers right here in the High School, and just yesterday, on Washington Street, I saw a man who was the very image of Fagin, but I hope his appearance belied his real character.

There are a great number of things I would like to talk to you about, but I fear it would give me more pleasure than it would you, so I will stop writing and think the rest.

Your admirer, ——.

b. Answer this in the name of Mr. Riley:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., January 17, 1902.

My dear Dr. van Dyke:

Since I write to you as a champion for Tennyson's *Sir Galahad,* I trust you will interest yourself in this letter. The Junior class, of which I am a member, have been reading and studying your *Tennyson.* We have all enjoyed it very much, but I think it quite time for a champion of Sir Galahad to appear.

Most of the pupils in the class said that they thought Galahad had too fine an opinion of himself and that he considered himself too high for the poor mortals of this earth. I appeal to you, who are the champion of all Tennyson's characters! Really, poor Galahad must have "turned in his grave" had he heard the remarks made of him. True it is that he had never felt a maiden's love nor held her hand, yet that was not because he considered himself too good

for all. He was held by a mightier hand, his devotion was centered in a holier love than this earth affords. He was a devotee of chivalry, a protector of all womanhood. This, it seems to me, is the true spirit. And then, Sir Galahad always has appeared to me as a veritable emblem of gallantry, so light, earnest and devoted, if such a combination is possible.

So I appeal to you to set to rights the error of my comrades, and indeed we should like to hear from you. I am your

Devoted reader and admirer,

M. K.

c. Answer this letter from M. K.

IV. LETTERS SHOWING INTEREST IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS

1. Letter assignments.

GREAT MEN AND CIGARS.

To the Editor of the News:

Sir—I have recently noticed the large number of cigars called by the name of distinguished men. There are many objections to attaching the names of great men to tobacco. In the first place, it reflects on the people of the present day, because, if they held these great men in proper respect and admiration, they would not permit their names to be attached to anything so demoralizing as tobacco. We see the names

of Abraham Lincoln, the great statesman and our martyred president; of George Childs, the great philanthropist; Thomas Moore, the famous poet, and even the name of William McKinley, our late president, and the names of many other distinguished and good men are given to cigars. Again, it reminds us that these men were slaves to the smoke habit, which cheapens the esteem in which we hold them and in which they should be held by the boys of to-day. They think, "Oh, well, if Grant and Dewey and all these great men smoked, certainly it will not hurt us." Surely, for regard to the great men and to teach the boys to hold them in the proper esteem, the citizens of Indianapolis should seriously object to the use of the names of famous men in this way, and make some move to prevent the names of all respected great men from being attached to cigars. Hoping you are with me in regard to this, I am F. B.

a. Using the above letter to *The News* as a suggestion, write an open letter to your paper on any of the following subjects:

(i) Care for shade trees.
(ii) Care for streets.
(iii) The smoke ordinance in your city.
(iv) The distribution of handbills.
(v) The character of public advertisements.
(vi) The fact that parents do not visit the schools.
(vii) Courtesy in street cars.
(viii) The employment of child-labor in stores.

(ix) The respect due shop women.
(x) The visiting of art exhibits.
(xi) The partiality of the press.
(xii) Hints for household decoration.
(xiii) The over-crowding of cities.
(xiv) The preservation of some historic landmark.
(xv) The harmony of church bells.
(xvi) An erection of a proposed statue, fountain or monument.
(xvii) The advantage of an art atmosphere to any community.
(xviii) The last message of the President or notable bill passed by Congress.

b. The following letter from Mr. Woodrow Wilson was written at the request of a grammar-school teacher and used in the final examination in composition. The letter and the assignment are given below.

PRINCETON, N. J., March 31, 1903.

My dear Young Friends:

It seems perhaps a novel thing to write a letter on the subject of "Patriotism," but that is what I am going to do, because certainly a friendly letter ought to be upon some subject interesting to both correspondents, and I know of no subject, except one's belief in God, which ought to be more interesting than the love of one's country.

A great many fine words are spoken about pa-

triotism; but, after all, when one comes down to sober thinking about it, it is not a thing which needs big words to describe it; one should love his country as he should love his friend. You love your friend not for your own sake, but for your friend's sake; and you do not love him well unless your desire is to be helpful to him, and to serve him in a way in which he needs to be served. Something besides affection is necessary in our friendships; we must be willing to make sacrifices for our friends, and to tell them their faults, and to make every effort to set them in the right way of being happy, and that may involve much that is difficult and disagreeable to us.

Our love for our country ought to be a larger sort of friendship—loyal affection for all who are our fellow citizens, and for the governments which are set over us, and willingness for self-sacrifice in the service of the country, and a steady courage to tell it when we think it wrong, as well as to applaud it when we think it right. We must understand the country and know what it is like and what its life is in order to serve it properly, just as we must know our friend in order to serve him properly. That is what makes it a privilege to study the history of our own country, and the books which tell us the way it is governed, and the purpose which its government was established for; and patriotism is not merely a matter of shouting and throwing our caps in air; it is a matter of study also, in order that we may be prepared for every day of duty.

Do you not think that this is, after all, the pleas-

antest idea of patriotism? Does it not give us something definite to think about, and does it not please us with the knowledge that there is something for every one of us to do in keeping the country the pure and admirable place we all wish it to be?

Your sincere friend,

WOODROW WILSON.

To the Pupils of the Eighth Grade, Indianapolis Public Schools.

MAY, 1903.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, is one of the most scholarly and most powerful men in the country. He is probably the highest authority in the United States on the period of the reconstruction. He shows his own patriotism by his desire to see it developed in the children of the country.

Make your letter a real answer. Show him by your courtesy that you appreciate his letter, and that you, too, love your country and wish to serve it. Tell him some of the ways a boy or girl can be patriotic, some of the things that your fathers and mothers do to help the country, and of the organizations in your community that exist for the benefit of the people.

The best letter will be sent to the superintendent.

V. LETTERS OF BUSINESS

1. READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS IN PART I:

2. LETTER ASSIGNMENTS.

223 NORTH ALABAMA STREET,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, March 27, 1903.

Mr. T. B. Cameron, Manager Wulschner Music Co., Indianapolis, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—Having heard that there is a vacancy in your stringed instrument department, I hasten to apply for the position of salesman. You know of my work with you last summer, during the vacation of your regular salesman, and I leave the recalling of those two months to put me back in the place. I can, however, furnish good references should you desire it. I am

Very truly yours,
SUMNER EATON.

a. Imagine that you are one of Sumner Eaton's references and write to the above firm in his behalf.

NOTE. The chief merits of a business letter are directness and brevity. Nothing irrelevant to the point should be introduced into a business letter.

Sirs:—Applying for admission in your employment, I desire to state that I have never been in busi-

ness, being to school at —— college in Maryland, and —— in New York. My father's position is a bridge carpenter on the —— railroad. I live at ——. I refer to —— and ——.

Yours respectfully,

——.

b. Criticism: This letter gives no information whatever that would be of value in determining the young man's fitness for a place as bank-clerk. It does not even tell his age.

The above letter and the criticism upon it were taken from a leading paper. Note the criticism; add what you think necessary to the data given, and write a proper letter of application for the position of bank-clerk.

c. Look into the "want" columns of your daily paper and answer an advertisement.

d. Make application by letter for any one of the following positions: of clerk, of teacher of any kind, of printer, machinist, office manager.

e. Write to a business house, commending your friend for a position.

f. Write a letter of inquiry to the Patent Office at Washington, D. C., asking about duplicates of an invention that you are supposed to have made.

g. Order a book from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

h. Acknowledge by letter the receipt of a package from a New York house.

i. Write an advertisement calling for household service; for a house to rent or sell.

CHAPTER IV

LETTERS AND JOURNALS IN CONNECTION WITH HISTORY, READING AND LITERATURE

I. IN CONNECTION WITH HISTORY AND READING

1. READ IN PART I:

Page

The Journal of the Rev. William Emerson 112-114

See the annotated list for journals.

2. LETTER ASSIGNMENTS.

BARCELONA, SPAIN, May 16, 1493.

Dear Cousin:

In your last letter you spoke as though the faith I had put in the voyage of Columbus was misplaced. But you were mistaken, as many others were. Columbus has returned and brought back gold and natives from India. Spain at last has a direct route to India, and that route was discovered by sailing west. Many mourned Columbus, thinking he was lost in the great sea of darkness; but I felt almost as confident of his return as when I offered my jewels to assist him. I

spoke of the Atlantic as a sea of darkness, but as such it will no longer be known.

Knowing you will rejoice with me for Spain, I remain,

Your cousin,

ISABELLA, QUEEN OF SPAIN.

a. Answer the Queen's letter in the name of her cousin, supplying name.

VALLADOLID, SPAIN, September 2, 1503.

To Their Royal Highnesses, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella:

Your royal word is law and must be obeyed, I know, but the pain of it is nevertheless hard to bear. I entered your service when I was young, without a gray hair mingled with my black ones. Now I have not one raven lock, for they have all turned snowy from sorrow of the injustices thrown upon me. The ingratitude of your Highnesses pains me more than I can express. After discovering for you a direct route to the riches of India, I am repaid by being placed in chains as any prisoner or traitor. My one desire which I wish to ask of your Highnesses is the restoration of my former honor which has been so cruelly taken away from me.

Praying you to grant my appeal, I remain

Humbly yours,

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

b. Answer this letter for Queen Isabella. Be true to the facts of history.

SULLIVAN ISLAND, S. CAROLINA,
June 29, 1776.

To His Excellency, Gen. George Washington:

Dear Sir:—I have the honor to report that the British fleet which attacked Ft. Sullivan yesterday was repulsed. Our men were encouraged by the brave deed of Sergeant Jasper. During the engagement the flag of our fort was knocked down and fell on the outside. Jasper leaped over the walls and replanted it. Our casualties are few; enemy's loss not known.

COLONEL MOULTRIE,
Commander of Ft. Sullivan.

c. Using the above letter as a motive,

(i) Imagine that you are General Washington, and commend Colonel Moultrie for his bravery.

(ii) Imagine that you are Sergeant Jasper, and write to a friend about the encounter in which he won fame.

(iii) Imagine that you saw the engagement and write home about it.

ROME, ITALY.

To Decius Mus Good Health and Greeting:

As you already know, we Romans believe bravery to be the highest virtue of all, so I will tell you an example of this.

Not long ago the citizens of Rome were startled and distressed by the sudden and unexpected opening of a chasm many, many feet deep. We tried to

fill it up with earth, but all in vain. Thinking that it had been a punishment for some misdeed inflicted by the gods, we consulted, asking what we could do to win ourselves once more into their favor.

They replied that the most precious thing of all the treasures of Rome should be offered to it as a sacrifice. We were greatly puzzled, not knowing what this was, some saying gold or jewels, and others corn. But at last the matter was settled by a young man named Marcus Curtius saying that bravery was the thing that the gods wanted. Then putting on his armor, he said that he would sacrifice himself, and the hole closed leaving a pool of water. VETURIUS.

d. Using the above letter for suggestion, write:

(i) A letter in the name of Curtius.

(ii) What Curtius might have said to himself when alone, before performing his brave deed.

(iii) A letter in the name of a Roman Senator commenting upon "The Gulf in the Forum."

(iv) A letter reporting what you think was said between Curtius and his friend, who tried to dissuade him from jumping into the gulf.

(v) A letter from the point of view of an onlooker at the whole scene.

April 27, 1902.

Dear Friend:

Can you imagine what King Alfred's thoughts were as he sat by the hearth in the woodcutter's hut? Of course you know how he came there and how the woodcutter's wife told him to watch the cakes, but he had a more important thing to think about than the cakes. I will tell you what I think he was thinking about. It was this: "How am I going to defeat these savage Danes? How am I going to get my army together again? They are scattering far and wide. I will go and find as many of my companions as I can, but what can a mere handful of men do against an army? Ah, I know what to do. As soon as I can get a few men I will send them in every direction to find as many of their companions as possible, and then we will suddenly fall upon the Danes and defeat them." While he was thinking he did not once look to see about the cakes, and they were burned to a crisp. He kept on thinking what would happen next day, when suddenly his dream was broken by the woodcutter's wife screaming, "Oh, you wretch, you have let my cakes burn. You shall not have any supper." Yours truly, D. C.

In your next letter, please tell me what you think Alfred's thoughts were.

e. After reading the above letter for a motive, imagine yourself in the time of Alfred the Great and write any one of the letters below:

(i) A letter in the name of the woman whose cakes he watched.

(ii) A letter in the name of a Dane commenting upon the character of Alfred.

(iii) A letter in the name of King Alfred's mother, full of advice and reminiscences of his early life and how he learned to read.

(iv) A letter of advice from Alfred to some youth in whom he is interested.

Leaves from the Journal of Darius, in "Ten Boys on the Road from Long Ago to Now."

1.

BABYLON

Hurrah, hurrah! I am five years old to-day. This morning I went to school in a beautiful field outside the city gates. I had a little sling with a smooth pebble in it and I shot farther than the other boys. Then we had a running class, and I almost won. After that our teacher told us about Zoroaster. Then we saw the large boys run and jump on their horses and shoot at a target in a tree. Some day I shall be able to do that, too. When I get large I am going to be a brave warrior and fight for our great King Cyrus. Then I shall ride a beautiful prancing horse. My big brother is in the king's army now, and some day I shall be, too.

DARIUS.

2.

BABYLON

Two years later.

Now I am seven years old. I have learned to shoot far and straight and to run swiftly. I can throw the javelin, shoot the bow and arrow, and ride. Every morning, we boys stand in a row and the field gate is opened and beautiful horses with flowing manes gallop into the field. We must jump on one of these horses with our weapons in our hands. The boys of twelve often go hunting and sleep in the fields. In about a year I shall do that, too. I always try to do my best at school. Now my school is ended for to-day, but to-morrow I must get up very early and go again.

DARIUS.

3.

BABYLON

Same year.

After our riding lesson we kept the horse we had mounted. All of us rode back to the other side of our field, and turning our horses around, faced our teacher, who was also on a horse. Our teacher said, "To-day we are going to hunt the antelope." Then, our master leading us, we galloped away. Then night came and we all slept in the cool green field. Bright and early with the morning we were on our

horses again and away. That day we found the home of the antelope and after killing one we made our way back to the place we had slept the day before. Here we made a good meal of peaches and pears which grow wild. Then it did not take us long to get home. DARIUS.

4.

BABYLON

Three weeks later.

To-day I came to my uncle's farm, and I shall not see Zadok for a long time. While I am at the farm I learned to guide the plow and to plant grain. It is spring and the trees are just blossoming. My uncle looks sorrowfully to the southeast, and turns away only to cast a sad look upon his trees just in bloom. The wind has been southeast for two days, and if it does not turn, he says, the locusts will be upon us. DARIUS.

b. Using the foregoing journal entries for suggestion write leaves from the imaginary journal of:

(i) Roland.
(ii) The Witch's Daughter; Abraham Davenport (see Whittier's poems).
(iii) Columbus.
(iv) Roger Williams.
(v) A song-bird whose mate has been killed for feathers for a hat.
(vi) A wild goose in its passage.

(vii) My own life on eventful days.
(viii) Ivanhoe while with Cœur de Lion.
(ix) Records of data for stories from life.
(x) Dramatic incidents all around us.

II. IN CONNECTION WITH READING AND THE STUDY OF LITERATURE

1. READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS IN PART I:

From: Page

2. LETTER ASSIGNMENTS.

(*The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*)

SLEEPY HOLLOW, NEW YORK,
October 31, 1820.

My dear Cousin:—

Yes, Ichabod Crane was at the quilting party. He borrowed a poor shaggy horse called Gunpowder, and reached there in time. Everything seemed to please him. Katrina van Tassel never looked so well; she danced a great deal during the evening. Ichabod did enjoy the supper; there were all kinds of cakes and they were all good. After the dance Ichabod and the older folk sat on the piazza and told ghost stories about a "Headless Horseman." Ichabod was never seen after that night. Did you enjoy *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*? What did you think of the school? I liked the part best that showed how Ichabod made himself at home with the housewives. Tell me what you liked best when you write and write soon to Your friend, M. M.

a. Using the above letter as a motive:
(i) Answer the request made.

(ii) Write a letter in the name of Ichabod Crane telling of his various experiences either at school, or in the neighborhood.

(iii) Write a letter in the name of Katrina van Tassel telling about Ichabod Crane.

(iv) Write a letter purported to be from Brom Bones in after years. (In all cases adhere to the main facts of the story.)

(*The Last of the Mohicans.*)

AMMATION, PORA, March 25, 1902.

Captain Lee Gordon, 45th Royal Lancers:—

Dear Sir:—You ask me of the Indian, of his character and thoughts and actions; but I can not answer you. The red man of to-day, whose blood is thin and temple pale, is but the remnant of the mighty race of Indians. But let the hard walls fade away into the airy wigwams; let the book give way to the savage weapon, and the black factory smoke become the gentle blue wreath of the camp-fire where Uncas and I rested at the close of day, and *then* I know the Indian. Those men were noble, brave, undaunted people, whose strongest virtue was their will and whose strongest weapon their courage. . . . As a noble type of superb Indian manhood, my old friend and comrade, Uncas, has no effective rival. He was generous and treated men with fairness but severity. He was ever more careful and thoughtful of his friends than of himself. He was immovable in dangers and but once to my knowledge did his con-

servative and reasonable parts desert him. He lived the life of a hero; but noble as it was, his death surpassed it. Seeing Cora, whom he loved, about to be the victim of the knife of his bitterest enemy, he cast his body from the precipice, and died a martyr to his love, a redeemer, if need be, of his tribe and a model to all men.

I am getting old fast now, My arm trembles; my trigger finger is no longer steady and my eyes can not pick the trail as they used to do. But as long as Hawk Eye lives, when he smokes his pipe about the evening fire, his mind will go back to the days when he was young, and ever before his eyes shall be the noble form of Uncas. And when Hawk Eye is no more, perhaps his spirit will be in the great hunting ground of the Indians, where his Uncas will see him.

Your most sincere friend,

HAWK EYE.

b. In connection with the study of *The Last of the Mohicans:*

(i) Using the above letter from Hawk Eye as a suggestion, set forth the Indian character in a communication supposed to be from Duncan Hayward.

(ii) Make journal entries of what you imagine the experience of a person in the story of *The Last of the Mohicans* might have been at crucial moments in the story.

(See journals in connection with *Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now.*)

(*The Talisman.*)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Feby. 26, 1902.

Dear Cousin:—

Your letter telling me that you were writing on your eighth birthday aroused me to the fact that I can hardly call you my little cousin any longer.

I am glad you think so much of dogs, for the way you used to handle the cat made me think you did not care for animals, their feelings, at least. The other day I read a story of a brave dog which I know will interest you.

This dog was a large stag greyhound who had come with his master, a knight in King Richard's army in the twelfth century, from Scotland to Palestine. One day the king ordered the knight to keep watch over his flag which was stationed on a knoll in a lonely part of the camp. That night the master left his dog to watch the flag, and while he was absent a robber came to steal the flag. To do this he had to wound the brave dog with his spear, and while the dog was in agony, the thief ran off. When the knight returned, he found his dog dying and the flag stolen. A passing physician revived the dog and finally cured him, much to the joy of his master. Afterward the dog discovered the thief, for it is said a dog never forgets an enemy, and the master erased the disgrace of having deserted his post by winning a battle with the robber.

The story of this noble dog is in one of Sir Walter

Scott's books called *The Talisman,* and in a few more years you will likely read it yourself, and I know you will enjoy it as much as I have.

Write often and tell me of all the queer tricks of your two little puppies, and do not forget

Your cousin, F—— S——.

c. Using the above letter as suggestion:

(i) Write to a friend upon Sir Walter's love for dogs. Use Camp and Maida and others as subject for your thought.

(ii) Write what you think Kenneth might have said to himself just before leaving the banner, in answer to the supposed summons of Edith.

(iii) Write such a letter as you think Kenneth might have written home.

(iv) Write a letter home, supposed to be from Lady Edith.

(v) Make a character study of Saladin.

(vi) Write a reminiscent conversation that Richard and Saladin might have had long after, when they met.

(vii) A character study of Sir Kenneth.

(viii) Write a paper upon the dramatic situations in *The Talisman.*

(Any of the above assignments can be made into profitable journal entries.)

(*Ivanhoe.*)

INDIANAPOLIS, March 13, 1902.

My dear Mabel:—

Now, Mabel, you're mocking me. The idea, that I should send a sketch for your portfolio. You know very well that I'm not an artist. You must have something? I have it. Here is a pen sketch. Don't look too closely; there are a good many crooked lines.

This is not a picture of lady fair or brave knight. It is a picture of a Jester in the court of Cedric, a personage of Scott's *Ivanhoe.* It is a fantastic figure, but aside from the motley there is much more in it than in these dreamily staring faces with long curl hung gracefully on white shoulder.

Wamba, for so the Jester is named, is thought to be a fool and yet he is one of the most quick-witted persons I have ever known. Wamba is called a fool, yet answers as wise as his have often escaped the minds of great men. Wamba is despised as a fool, yet he has the characteristics which many a great man lacks. Wamba is humored as a fool, yet he does many a wise act to which praise is due. Wamba is scorned as a fool, yet he offers his life for that of his master when others are afraid.

When you meet such a character as this, whether it is in life or in fiction, you can not help but have a feeling both of pity and of awe: pity for its dependence; awe for its innocence. It is as if you were in

the presence of a baby with a sadly sober face; a face that does not fit a baby. Wamba is a fool in that he is a man with the soul of a child. He is wise as a child is wise; with a knowledge that many shun or forget when they have become men and women; the knowledge that comes from intuition. He has the confidence of a child. He has the quick wit of a child. He is playful. He is childishly unconscious of self. He dreads to see sorrow, as a little child who puts its tiny fist to its eyes when its mother cries, dreads it. He is venturesome in the way boys are venturesome; braving all danger with a sort of childish bravado. And yet Wamba is a blessing to all about him. He can cheer them; he can soothe them; and he can save life, for he has saved both his master and the Black Knight.

The figure of a clown seems very rude and commonplace to some people. It is not commonplace or rude, though. It is quite beautiful when it is such a character as Wamba, is it not, Mabel?

Show me your book when it is finished, Mabel, I am interested in it. I am truly, believe me,

C——.

d. After reading the above write a character study of Wamba from a different point of view.

(*Ivanhoe.*)

AT SCHOOL,
March 12, 1902.

Dear Kirk:—

When you get *The Talisman* get the mate to it, *Ivanhoe.* You can't read in *The Talisman* about Richard without wanting to know more about him. *Ivanhoe* contains more.

From the manner in which Scott tells of Richard's actions in *Ivanhoe,* he must have loved adventure. His way of getting his desires is what pleased me. He didn't take a large body of men with him. He went alone. In *Ivanhoe* he came in this manner from his captivity in Austria. No one knew him nor even thought he was in England. He helped Ivanhoe in the tournament, but rode away from the honors he had received. In the forest he drank and sang with the outlaw priest. On the field he fought with the commons for the freedom of the Saxons. Even when he acknowledges himself king he made merry with the robbers and pardoned them. As a king he was willing to fight for the hated Jews.

I envy Wilfred in having had such a companion. He would be a good one to associate with even if he were a king. I can hardly imagine a king without a throne near by; but Richard and the woods seemed as harmonious as Richard and a band of courtiers. He would make an excellent American to-day. In fact I think he was born about eight hundred years too early; he should have been born about seventeen

years ago in the city of Indianapolis. See what I mean? I have mentioned only a few names and given no explanations of the characters, so that you might be induced to read *Ivanhoe* for yourself.

Hoping you will enjoy the book, I am,

Your affectionate friend,

N—— T——.

e. In connection with the study of *Ivanhoe:*

(i) Answer the above letter and make comment upon the portrayal of Richard made by the writer.

(ii) Write journal leaves supposed to have been written by a crusader in the time of Cœur de Lion.

(iii) Write such a letter as you imagine Ivanhoe might have written home, had letter-writing been the custom then.

(iv) Assume the character of Rebecca and tell your various exciting experiences. Give separate writings to the storming of the Castle, the trial for sorcery, the visit to Rowena.

(v) Take upon yourself the championship of Isaac of York and write his defense. Include as much as you can of the oppression of his race.

(vi) Write an imaginary conversation between two Normans about Gurth and Wamba.

(vii) Make character studies of Ivanhoe, of Rebecca, Cedric, Rowena.

(viii) Write a paper upon the story of *Ivanhoe* that brings out the background of chivalry running through the book.

(ix) Compare the picture of chivalry given in *The Talisman,* with that of *Ivanhoe.*

(x) Compare the Templar and Front de Bœuf.

3. JOURNAL LEAVES IN THE STUDY OF TENNYSON.

a. We have begun to study Tennyson in school now. He is delightful. His poetry always seems to me to be written in warm colors. Often in other reading the style is cold gray, or so transparent that only the things pictured are seen. Tennyson has a distinctive atmosphere; his pages are pervaded—though unobtrusively—by his own warm personality. When I open a book of his poems, I seem to have passed through a gateway in a hedge, closing after me, and to wander through a world very much like the one without, but hand-in-hand with a large wonderful man through whose eyes I see everything.

b. A day later.

Flower in the Crannied Wall.

To-day I walked with Tennyson along a little nameless but well-known by-path. He spoke of the ignorance of humanity. He made me stop to think that even the smallest flower is enclosed in mystery. We can not understand all the marvelous processes by

which out of a small seed and a dark soil comes a lovely, pure flower, which for a time brightens its lonely corner with its fragile life. It was a sweet lesson in humility that the poet exemplified by his own life.

c. Two days later.

The Brook.

Just imagine a playful brook, charming and lovely to any one who could hear its joyous chattering and see its graceful turns, but seen through the eyes of my poet guide, doubly delightful; for he looked upon it as upon a person and detected rhythmic language in its chattering. How I wish I could make my senses more like his.

d. Four days later.

Ulysses.

Tennyson has before appealed to the emotions and to the intellect; to-day he appealed strongly to the will. The picture of Ulysses had the effect of martial music. It is a strong stimulus to see a man at the close of the day, and of his life, start out "to seek a newer world." The last words of Ulysses remain fastened in the memory—

"strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

4. SUGGESTIONS FOR LETTERS OR JOURNALS IN CONNECTION WITH THE STUDY OF "CORIOLANUS":

a. Read the letter by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie in Part II (p. 97).

b. Defend Coriolanus.

MARCUS FLAVIUS TO JULIUS SEMPRONIUS.
IN LATIUM.

Rome A. U. C. 450.

M. Flavius desires his warmest regards to J. Sempronius. If you are in health it is well. I am well. Dost remember the dream I related in my last letter? By the will of the immortal gods it has come true, for Coriolanus has yielded, and the Volscian army has departed. I just returned from the Etruscan Gate where Volumnia and her train were coming from the Volscian camp. The face of the heroic mother was sad but calm; joy for the release of Rome, sorrow for the loss of her noble son, who will assuredly die, a victim to Volscian baseness and perfidy. Ah! What a hero was he! How noble! How courageous! The pride of Rome when he was a boy, her chief defender when a man. I knew him well, therefore I will give you a strict account of his many good and evil qualities. The gods endowed him with the virtues of bravery, patriotism and filial love. Of these great attributes his bravery, combined with his patriotism, was predominant. His whole life was

devoted to his country. And what reflects greater praise upon him than his tender passionate love for his noble mother! He always recognized her as his superior in knowledge and strength of character. He always obeyed her as a child even when death was the inevitable consequence. By this we see not only filial love, but a great noble nature in which are combined the best qualities of a Roman.

But the unfortunate characteristic that wrecked his whole life and caused his once honored name to be reviled and despised—was his pride; except for this he might have become the trusted commander of the army; the wise ruler, respected and loved and honored by all classes; but instead he yielded to his insatiable pride, and now he is hated, reviled, and accursed; despised by the people who once had loved him. But the gods have decreed it so; therefore let us drop a tear in memory of the hero, who, though brave, gentle, and honorable, was passionate and revengeful, the wreck of a true hero,—a sad example of what might have been. Farewell.

Written at the Villa Alba.

Rome A. U. C. 450.

c. Using the above letter for suggestion write letters from Rome:

(i) In which you picture the plebeians as Coriolanus saw them; as they saw themselves.

(ii) In which you picture the patricians.

(iii) A letter from Menenius upon Coriolanus (i. e., from the point of view of his friend, a patrician).

(iv) A letter from one of the tribunes upon the character of Coriolanus (i. e., from the point of view of the plebeians).

(v) A letter giving an account of the banishment of Coriolanus from the point of view of an eye-witness.

(vi) Tell some friend what you imagine Coriolanus might have said to himself after his banishment on the way to Corioli, to the home of Tullus Aufidius.

(vii) A letter in which you imagine what Volumnia might have said to herself on her way out to the camp to persuade Coriolanus to spare Rome.

(viii) Journal entries in the name of any of the characters are profitable.

Make a list of interesting letters that might be written in connection with the play of *Coriolanus*.

5. SUGGESTIONS FOR LETTERS OR JOURNALS IN CONNECTION WITH THE STUDY OF "JULIUS CAESAR":

The letters to be written from the point of view of an observer, or one living at the time.

Points to be brought out:

a. Letter from Cassius in which he betrays his envy of Cæsar.

b. Brutus gives an account of the death of Cæsar, quoting the words "ambition's debt is paid."

c. A letter about Cæsar, the natural leader and master.

d. A letter about Brutus, as the "soul of Rome," the last representative of the Republic.

e. A letter about Cassius, as ambitious, seeking gratification of ambition through Brutus.

f. A letter about Antony: ambitious, seeking gratification of ambition through loyalty to Cæsar, living or dead.

g. About the women (Calpurnia and Portia) and the servants in relation to the drama.

h. Describe to a friend the picture embodied in the lines, "Even at the base of Pompey's statue . . . great Cæsar fell."

i. Tell the story of Pindarus, the slave who killed Cassius and received his liberty for recompense.

j. Give an account of a possible oration over Brutus by Volumnius (the old school fellow who refused to hold the sword for Brutus).

k. Tell a friend what you imagine might have been the soliloquy of Calpurnia after Cæsar's departure for the Capitol.

l. Compose, for some younger person, an allegory embodying the topics, Patriotism and Ambition.

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